THE
City-Madam,
A
COMEDIE.

As it was acted at the private House in *Black Friers* with great applause.

Written by *Phillip Massinger* Gent.

BIBLIOTHECA

LONDON
Printed for *Andrew Pennycuicke*, one of the Actors,
in the year 1658.

The Actors names.

Lord Lacie.
Sir John Rich a Merchant
Sir John Lacie Son to *Lord Lacy.*
Mr. *Plenty* a Country Gentleman.
Luke Brother to *sir John Rich.*
Old Goldwire, } Two Gentlemem.
Old Tradewell }
Young Goldwire } their sons, prentices
Young Tradewell } to *Sir John Rich.*
Stargaze an Astrologer.
Fortune a decaied Merchant.
Hoyst a decaied gentleman.
Penurie.
Holdfast a Steward.
Ramble, Scuffle, two Hectors.
Dingem a Pimp.
Gettall a Box-keeper.

Lady Rich.
Anne } her daughters.
Mary }
Millisent her woman.
Shavem a Wench.
Secret a Baud.

Scene London.

To the truly Noble

JOHN WRATH

ESQUIRE.

HONOURED SIR!

What age when wit and learning were outconquered by injury, and violence; this Poeme was the object of love and Commendations, it being composed by an infallible pen, and censured by an unerring Auditory. In this Epistle I shall not need to make an Apologie for Playes in generall by exhibiting their antiquity and utility, in a word they are mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces, and fouler consciences fear to look into. The encouragement I had to

prefer this dedication to your powerfull protection proceeds from the universall fame of the deceased Author, who (although he composed many) writ none amiss, and this may justly be ranked amongst his best. I have redeemed it from the teeth of time, by committing of it to the press, but in more imploring your Patronage, I wil not slander it with my praises, it is commendations enough to call it Massingers, *if it may gain your allowance and pardon; I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy title of,*

SIR,

Your humblest Servant,

Andrew Pennycnicke.

THE City-Madam, A COMEDIE.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Goldwire, and Tradewell.

Goldwire. THe Ship is safe in the Pool then?

Tradewell. And makes good,
In her rich fraught, the name shee bears, the *Speedwell*:
My Master will find it, for on my certain knowledg
For every hundred that hee ventured in her
She hath return'd him five.

Goldwire. And it comes timely,
For besides a paiment on the nail for a Mannor
I ate purchas'd by my Master, his young daughters
Are ripe for marriage.

Tradewell. Who? *Nan*, and *Mall.*
Goldwire. Miſtris *Anne* and *Mary*, and with ſome addition,
Or 'tis more puniſhable in our houſe
Then *Scandalum magnatum.*
Tradewell. 'Tis great pitie
Such a Gentleman as my Maſter for that title
His being a Citizen, cannot take from him,
Hath no male heir to inherit his eſtate,
And keep his name alive.
Goldwire. The want of one
Swells my young Miſtreſſes, and their madam mother
With hopes above their birth, and ſcale. Their dreams are
Of being made Counteſſes, and they take ſtate
As they were ſuch already. When you went
To the *Indies*, there was ſome ſhape and proportion
Of a Merchants houſe in our family, but ſince
My Maſter, to gain precedencie for my Miſtris
Above ſome Elder Merchants Wives, was knighted,
'Tis grown a little Court, in bravery,
Variety of faſhions, and thoſe rich ones:
There are few great Ladies going to a Maſque
That do out-ſhine ours in their every-day habits.
Tradewell. 'Tis ſtrange my Maſter in his wiſdom can
Give the reins to ſuch exorbitancie.
Goldwire. He muſt,
Or there's no peace nor reſt for him at home;
I grant his ſtate will bear it, yet hee's cenſur'd
For his indulgence, and for Sir *John Frugall*
By ſome ſtyl'd Sir *John Prodigal.*
Tradewell. Is his brother
Mr. *Luke Frugal* living?
Goldwire. Yes, the more
His miſery, poor man.
Tradewell. Still in the Counter?
Goldwire. In a worſer place. He was redeemed from the hole,
To live in our houſe in hell: ſince his baſe uſage
Conſider'd, 'tis no better. My proud Ladie
Admits him to her Table, marry ever

Beneath

Beneath the Salt, and there he ſits the ſubject
Of her contempt and ſcorn; and dinner ended,
His courteous Neeces find emploiment for him
Fitting an under-prentice, or a Footman,
And not an Uncle.

Tradewel. I wonder, being a Scholler well read, and travel'd,
The world yielding means for men of ſuch deſert,
He ſhould endure it.

Enter Star-gaze, Ladie, Anne, Mary, Milleſcent, in ſeveral poſtures, with looking-glaſſes at their girdles.

Goldwire. He does, with a ſtrange patience; and to us
The ſervants ſo familiar, nay humble.
I'le tell you, but I am cut off. Look theſe
Like a Citizens wife and daughters?

Tradewel. In their habits
They appear other things; but what are the motives
Of this ſtrange preparation?

Goldwire. The young wag-tails
Expect their ſuitors. The firſt, the Son and Heir
Of the Lord *Lacie*, who needs my Maſters money,
As his daughter does his honour. The ſecond Mr. *Plenty*,
A rough hew'n gentleman, and newly come
To a great eſtate, and ſo all aids of Art
In them's excuſable.

Lady. You have done your parts here:
To your ſtudie, and be curious in the ſearch
Of the Nativities. *Exit Stargaze.*

Tradewel. Me thinks the mother,
As if ſhe could renew her youth, in care,
Nay curioſity to appear lovely,
Comes not behind her daughters.

Goldwire. Keeps the firſt place,
And though the Church-book ſpeak her fifty, they
That ſay ſhe can write thirty, more offend her,
Then if they tax'd her honeſty: t'other day
A Tenant of hers, inſtructed in her humor,
But one ſhe never ſaw, being brought before her,
For ſaying onely, Good young Miſtris help me

To the speech of your Lady-mother, so far pleas'd her,
That he got his Lease renew'd for'e.
Tradewell. How she bristles:
Prethee observe her.
Millescent. As I hope to see
A Country Knights son and heir walk bare before you
When you are a Countess, as you may be one
When my Master dies, or leavs trading; and I continuing
Your principal woman, take the upper-hand
Of a Squires wife, though a Justice, as I must
By the place you give me, you look now as young
As when you were married.
Lady. I think I bear my years well.
Millescent. Why should you talk of years? Time hath not plough'd
One furrow in your face; and were you not known
The mother of my young Ladies, you might passe
For a Virgin of fifteen.
Tradewell. Here's no grosse flattery:
Will she swallow this?
Goldwire. You see she does, and glibly.
Millescent. You never can be old, wear but a Masque
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young
In your other parts: What a waste is here? O *Venus!*
That I had been born a King! and here a hand
To be kiss'd ever; Pardon my boldnesse, Madam:
Then, for a leg and foot you will be courted
When a great Grandmother.
Ladye. These indeed, Wench, are not
So subject to decayings as the face,
Their Comlines's last's longer.
Millisent. Ever, ever:
Such a rare Featur'd, and proportion'd *Madam*
London could never boast of.
Ladye. Where are my Shoos.
Millisent. Those that your Ladyship gave order
Should be made of the Spanish Perfum'd Skins.
Ladye. The same.

Milliſcent. I ſent the priſon-bird this morning for em,
But he neglects his duty.
Ann. He is grown
Exceeding careleſſe.
Mary. And begins to murmur
At our commands, and ſometimes grumbles to us,
He is forſooth our Uncle.
Ladye. He is your ſlave,
And as ſuch uſe him.
Ann. Willingly, but hee's grown
Rebellious *Madam.*

Enter Luke, with Shooes, Garters and Roſes.

Goldwire. Nay like Hen, like Chicken.
Ladye. I'le humble him.
Goldwire. Here he comes ſweating all over,
He ſhews like a walking fripperie.
Lady. Very good Sir,
Were you drunk laſt night, that you could riſe no ſooner
With humble diligence to do what my Daughters,
And woman did command you.
Luke. Drunk, an't pleaſe you.
Lady. Drunk, I ſaid, Sirrah. Dar'ſt thou in a look
Repine, or grumble? thou unthankful wretch,
Did our charitie redeem thee out of priſon,
Thy Patrimonie ſpent, ragged, and lowſie.
When the Sheriffs basket, and his broken meat
Were your Feſtivall exceedings, and is this
So ſoon forgotten?
Luke. I confeſſe I am
Your Creature *Madam.*
Lady. And good reaſon why
You ſhould continue ſo.
Ann. Who did new cloath you?
Mary. Admitted you to the Dining-room?
Milliſcent. Allowed you a freſh bed in the garret?
Lady. Or from whom
Receiv'd you ſpending money?
Luke. I owe all this

To your goodneſſe, *Madam:* For it you have my prayers,
The beggars ſatisfaction; all my ſtudies,
(Forgetting what I was, but withall duty
Remembring what I am) are how to pleaſe you.
And if in my long ſtay I have offended,
I ask your pardon. Though you may conſider,
Being forc'd to fetch theſe from the Old Exchange,
Theſe from the Tower, and theſe from Weſtminſter,
I could not come much ſooner.

Goldwire. Here was a walke
To breath a Foot-man.

Ann. 'Tis a curious Fan.

Mary. Theſe Roſes will ſhew rare; would t'were in faſhion
That the Garters might be ſeen too.

Milliſcent. Many Ladyes
That know they have good legs, wiſh the ſame with you:
Men that way have th'advantage.

Luke. I was with the *Lady*,
And delivered her the Sattin
For her Gown, and Velvet for her Petticote,
This night She vows Shee'l pay you.

Goldwire. How I am bound
To your favour M. *Luke.*

Milliſcent. As I live, you will
perfume all rooms you walk in.

Lady. Get your Furr,
You ſhall pull'em on within.

Goldwire. That ſervile office *Exit Luke.*
Her pride impoſes on him. *S^t. John within*
Goldwire. Tradewell.

Tradewell. My Maſter calls. We come Sir.

Exeunt Goldwire, Tradewell.

Enter Holdfaſt with Porters.

Lady. What have you brought there?

Holdfaſt. The Cream of the market, proviſion enough
To ſerve a garriſon. I weep to think on't.
When my Maſter got his wealth, his family fed
On roots, and livers, and necks of beef on Sundays.

But now I fear it will be ſpent in poultry.
Butchers meat will not go down.
Lady. Why, you Raſcall, is it at
Your expence? what Cooks have you provided?
Holdfaſt. The beſt of the City. They have wrought at my Lord Mayors.
Ann. Fye on em, they ſmel of Fleet-Lane, and Pie-corner.
Mary. And thinks the happineſſe of mans life conſiſts
In a mighty ſhoulder of mutton.
Lady. I'le have none
Shall touch what I ſhall eat, you grumbling Curr,
But French-men and Italians; they wear Sattin,
And diſh no meat but in Silver.
Holdfaſt. You may want, though,
A diſh or two when the ſervice ends.
Lady. Leave prating,
I'le have my will; do you as I command you. *Exit.*

Actus primus, Scena ſecunda.

Enter Lacie, and Page.

Lacie. YOu were with *Plenty*?
Page. Yes Sir.
Lacie. And what anſwer
Return'd the clown?
Page. Clown Sir! he is transform'd,
And grown a gallant of the laſt edition;
More rich then gaudie in his habit, yet
The freedom, and the bluntneſſe of his language
Continues with him. When I told him that
You gave him Caution, as he lov'd the peace,
And ſafety of his life, he ſhould forbear
To paſſe the *Merchants* threſhold, untill you
Of his two Daughters had made choice of her
Whom you deſign'd to honour as your wife.

Againſt your bumb blades. I'le one, by one deſpatch you.
Then houſe this inſtrument of death, and horrour.

Enter Sir John, Luke, Goldwire, Tradewell.

Sr. *John.* Beat down their weapons. My gate ruffians hall:
What inſolence is this?

Luke. Noble Sir Maurice,
Worſhipfull Mr. *Plenty.*

Sr. *John.* I bluſh for you,
Men of your qualitie expoſe your fame
To every vulgar cenſure. This at midnight
After a drunken ſupper in a Tavern,
(No civill man abroad to cenſure it)
Had ſhewen poor in you, but in the day, and view
Of all that paſs by, monſtrous

Plentie. Very well Sir;
You look for this defence.

Lacie. 'Tis thy protection,
But it will deceive thee.

Sr. *John.* Hold, if you proceed thus
I muſt make uſe of the next Juſtices power,
And leave perſwaſion. And in plain terms tell you

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, and Milliſcent.

Neither your birth, Sir Maurice, nor your wealth,
Shall priviledg this riot. See whom you have drawn
To be ſpectators of it? can you imagine
It can ſtand with the credit of my daughters,
To be the argument of your ſwords? 'ith ſtreet too?
Nay e're you do ſalute, or I give way,
To any private conference, ſhake hands
In ſign of peace. He that draws back parts with
My good opinion. This is as it ſhould be.
Make your approaches, and if their affection
Can ſympathize with yours, they ſhall not come
On my credit beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.

Lacie. May I have the honor
To ſupport you *Lady.*

Plenty. I know not what's ſupporting,

But

But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you,

Exeunt omnes preter Luke.

To him Enter Hoyst, Penury, Fortune.

Luke. You are come with all advantage. I wil help you
To the ſpeech of my Brother.

Fortune. Have you mov'd him for us?

Luke With the beſt of my endeavours, and I hope.
You'l find him tractable.

Penury. Heaven grant he prove ſo.

Hoyſt. Howe're I'le ſpeak my mind.

Enter Lord Lacie.

Luke. Do ſo M. *Hoyſt.*
Go in. I'le pay my duty to this Lord,
And then I am wholly yours. Heaven bleſs your honor.

Lord. Your hand Mr. *Luke*, the world's much chang'd with you
Within theſe few months; then you were the gallant:
No meeting at the Horſe-race, Cocking, Hunting,
Shooting, or *B*owling, at which Mr. *Luke*
Was not a principal gameſter, and companion
For the Nobility.

Luke. I have paid dear
For thoſe follies, my good Lord; and 'tis but juſtice
That ſuch as ſoar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, ſhould like me
Share in the miſeries that wait upon't.
Your Honor in your charitie may do well
Not to upbraid me with thoſe weakneſſes
Too late repented.

Lord. I nor do, nor will;
And you ſhall find I'le lend a helping hand
To raiſe your fortunes: How deals your brother with you?

*Luke. B*eyond my merit, I thank his goodneſſe for't.
I am a Freeman, all my debts diſcharg'd,
Nor does one Creditor undone by me
Curſe my looſe riots. I have meat and cloaths,
Time to ask heaven remiſſion for what's paſt;
Cares of the world by me are laid aſide,

He ſmil'd in ſcorn.
Lacie. In ſcorn?
Page. His words confirm'd it,
They were few, but to this purpoſe; Tell your Maſter,
Though his Lordſhip in reverſion were now his,
It cannot awe me. I was born a Free-man,
And will not yeeld in the way of affection
Precedence to him. I will viſit em,
Though he ſate Porter to deny my entrance.
When I meet him next I'le ſay more to his face.
Deliver thou this, then gave me a piece
To help my memorie, and ſo we parted.
Lacie. Where got he this ſpirit.
Page. At the Academie of valour,
Newly erected for the inſtitution
Of elder Brothers. Where they are taught the ways,
Though they refuſe to ſeal for a Duelliſt,
How to decline a challenge. He himſelf
Can beſt reſolve you.

Enter Plenty and three Serving-men.

Lacie. You Sir?
Plentie. What with me Sir?
How big you look? I will not looſe a hat
To a hairs breadth, move your Bever, I'le move mine,
Or if you deſire to prove your ſword, mine hangs
As near my right hand, and will as ſoon out, though I keep
Not a Fencer to breath me, walke into Moor-fields,
I dare look on your Toledo. *Do* not ſhew
A fooliſh valour in the ſtreets, to make
Work for ſhop-keepers, and their clubs, 'tis ſcurvie,
And the women will laugh at us.
Lacie. You preſume
On the protection of your Hinds.
Plentie. I ſcorn it:
Though I keep men I fight not with their fingers,
Nor make it my Religion to follow
The gallants faſhion, to have my family
Conſiſting in a Foot-man, and a Page,

And

And thoſe two ſometimes hungrie. I can feed theſe,
And cloath'em too, my gay Sir.
Lacie. What a fine man
Hath your Taylor made you?
Plentie. 'Tis quite contrary,
I have made my Taylor, for my cloaths are pai'd for
Aſſoon as put on; a ſin your man of title
Is ſeldom guiltie of, but Heaven forgive it.
I have other faults too very incident
To a plain Gentleman. I eat my Veniſon
With my neighbours in the Countrie, and preſent not
My pheſants, partridges, and growſe to the uſerer,
Nor ever yet paid brokage to his ſcrivener.
I flatter not my mercers wife, nor feaſt her
With the firſt cherries, or peſcods, to prepare me
Credit with her husband, when I com to London.
The wooll of my ſheep, or a ſcore or two of fat oxen
In Smithfield, give me money for my expences.
I can make my wife a jointure of ſuch lands too;
as are not encombred, no annuity
Or ſtatue lying on'em. This I can do
And it pleaſe your future honour, and why therefore
You ſhould forbid my being a ſuiter with you
My dulneſſe apprehends not.
Page. This is bitter.
Lacie. I have heard you Sir, and in my patience ſhewn
To much of the ſtoicks. But to parley further,
Or anſwer your groſſe jeers would write me coward.
This onely thy great grandfather was a Butcher,
And his ſon a Graſier,
Thy Sire Conſtable of the hundred, and thou the firſt of your dunghill, created gemtleman
Now you may come on Sir,
you, and your thraſhers.
Plentie. Stir not on your lives.
This for the graſiers, this for the butcher. *they fight*
Lacie. So Sir.
Page. I'le not ſtand idle, draw my little rapier

Againſt your bumb blades. I'le one, by one deſpatch you.
Then houſe this inſtrument of death, and horrour.

Enter Sir John, Luke, Goldwire, Tradewell.

Sr. *John.* Beat down their weapons. My gate ruffians hall:
What inſolence is this?

Luke. Noble Sir Maurice,
Worſhipfull Mr. *Plenty.*

Sr. *John.* I bluſh for you,
Men of your qualitie expoſe your fame
To every vulgar cenſure. This at midnight
After a drunken ſupper in a Tavern,
(No civill man abroad to cenſure it)
Had ſhewen poor in you, but in the day, and view
Of all that paſs by, monſtrous

Plentie. Very well Sir;
You look for this defence.

Lacie. 'Tis thy protection,
But it will deceive thee.

Sr. *John.* Hold, if you proceed thus
I muſt make uſe of the next Juſtices power,
And leave perſwaſion. And in plain terms tell you

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, and Milliſcent.

Neither your birth, Sir Maurice, nor your wealth,
Shall priviledg this riot. See whom you have drawn
To be ſpectators of it? can you imagine
It can ſtand with the credit of my daughters,
To be the argument of your ſwords? 'ith ſtreet too?
Nay e're you do ſalute, or I give way,
To any private conference, ſhake hands
In ſign of peace. He that draws back parts with
My good opinion. This is as it ſhould be.
Make your approaches, and if their affection
Can ſympathize with yours, they ſhall not come
On my credit beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.

Lacie. May I have the honor
To ſupport you *Lady.*

Plenty. I know not what's ſupporting,

But

But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you.

Exeunt omnes preter Luke.

To him Enter Hoyst, Penury, Fortune.

Luke. You are come with all advantage. I wil help you
To the ſpeech of my Brother.

Fortune. Have you mov'd him for us?

Luke With the beſt of my endeavours, and I hope.
You'l find him tractable.

Penury. Heaven grant he prove ſo.

Hoyſt. Howe're I'le ſpeak my mind.

Enter Lord Lacie.

Luke. Do ſo M. *Hoyſt.*
Go in. I'le pay my duty to this Lord,
And then I am wholly yours. Heaven bleſs your honor.

Lord. Your hand Mr. *Luke*, the world's much chang'd with you
Within theſe few months; then you were the gallant:
No meeting at the Horſe-race, Cocking, Hunting,
Shooting, or *B*owling, at which Mr. *Luke*
Was not a principal gameſter, and companion
For the Nobility.

Luke. I have paid dear
For thoſe follies, my good Lord, and 'tis but juſtice
That ſuch as ſoar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, ſhould like me
Share in the miſeries that wait upon't.
Your Honor in your charitie may do well
Not to upbraid me with thoſe weakneſſes
Too late repented.

Lord. I nor do, nor will;
And you ſhall find I'le lend a helping hand
To raiſe your fortunes: How deals your brother with you?

*Luke. B*eyond my merit, I thank his goodneſſe for't.
I am a Freeman, all my debts diſcharg'd,
Nor does one Creditor undone by me
Curſe my looſe riots. I have meat and cloaths,
Time to ask heaven remiſſion for what's paſt;
Cares of the world by me are laid aſide,

My preſent poverty's a bleſſing to me;
And though I have been long, I dare not ſay
I ever liv'd till now.
Lord. You bear it well;
Yet as you wiſh I ſhould receive for truth
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me
With your brothers inclination. I have heard
In the acquiſition of his wealth, he weighs not
Whoſe ruines he builds upon.
Luke. In that report
Wrongs him, my Lord. He is a Citizen,
And would increaſe his heap, and will not loſe
What the Law gives him. Such as are worldly wiſe
Purſue that tract, or they will ne're wear ſkarlet.
But if your Honor pleaſe to know his temper,
You are come opportunely. I can bring you
Where you unſeen ſhall ſee, and hear his carriage
Towards ſome poor men, whoſe making or undoing
Depend upon his pleaſure.
Lord. To my wiſh,
I know no object that could more content me.

A Table, Count book, Standiſh, Chair and ſtools ſet out.

Exeunt

Actus primus, Scena tertia.

Enter Sir John, Hoyſt, Fortune, Penurie, Goldwire.

Sir John. What would you have me do? reach me a chair.
When I lent my moneys I appear'd an Angel;
Bnt now I would call in mine own, a Divel.
Hoyſt. Were you the Divelsdamme, you muſt ſtay till I have it.
For as I am a Gentleman,

Enter Luke placing the Lord Lacie.

Luke. There you may hear all.
Hoyſt. I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the value.
Now, cauſe I am a Gameſter, and keep Ordinaries,
And a Liverie punk, or ſo, and trade not with

The

The money-mongers wives, not one will be bound for me:
'Tis a hard caſe, you muſt give me longer day
Or I ſhall grow very angry.
Sir John. Fret, and ſpare not.
I know no obligation lies upon me
With my honey to feed Drones. But to the purpoſe,
How much owes *Penurie*?
Goldwire. Two hundred pounds:
His Bond three times ſince forfeited.
Sir John. Is it ſu'd?
Goldwire. Yes Sir, and execution out againſt him.
Sir John. For bodie and goods.
Goldwire. For both, Sir.
Sir John. See it ſerv'd.
Penurie. I am undone; my wife and family
Muſt ſtarve for want of bread.
Sir John. More Infidel thou
In not providing better to ſupport 'em.
What's *Fortunes* debt?
Goldwire. A thouſand, Sir.
Sir John. An eſtate.
For a good man. You were the glorious Trader,
Embrac'd all bargains; the main venturer
In every Ship that launch'd forth; kept your wife
As a Ladie, ſhe had her Coach, her choice
Of Summer-houſes, built with other mens moneys
Took up at Intereſt, the certain road
To Ludgate in a Citizen. Pray you acquaint me
How were my thouſand pounds imploy'd?
Fortune. Inſult not
On my calamity, though being a debtor,
And a ſlave to him that lends, I muſt endure it.
Yet hear me ſpeak thus much in my defence;
Loſſes at ſea, and thoſe Sir, great, and many,
By ſtorms, and tempeſts, not domeſtical riots,
In ſoothing my wives humor, or mine own,
Have brought me to this low ebb.
Sir John. Suppoſe this true;

What is't to me? I must, and will have my money,
Or I'le protest you first, and that done have
The Statute made for *Bankrupts* serv'd upon you.
Fortune. 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.
Luke. Not as a brother, Sir, but with such dutie
As I should use unto my Father, since
Your charitie is my parent, give me leave
To speak my thoughts.
Sir John. What would you say?
Luke No word, Sir,
I hope shall give offence; nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud:
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealths a servant. Not that riches
Is or should be contemn'd, it being a blessing
Deriv'd from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this dear, Sir,
You have many equals: Such a mans possessions
Extend as far as yours, a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from 'em, is, that you are styl'd
Gentle in your abundance, good in plentie,
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others miseries (I have found it, Sir,
Heaven keep me thankful for't) while they are curs'd
As rigid and inexorable.
Sir John. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.
Luke. That shall not grieve you,
Your affability, and mildnesse cloath'd
In the garments of your debtors breath
Shall every where, though you strive to conceal it
Be seen, and wondred at, and in the act
With a prodigall hand rewarded. Whereas such
As are born only for themselvs, and live so,
Though prosperous in wordly understandings,

Are

Are but like beasts of rapine, that by odds
Of strength, usurp, and tyrannize o're others
Brought under their subjection.
Lord. A rare fellow!
I am strangely taken with him.
Luke. Can you think Sir,
In your unquestion'd wisdome, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an out-crie,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forc'd
To beg their bread: this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted can advantage you?
Hoyst. If it thrive with him hang me, as it will damn him
If he be not converted.
Luke. You are too violent.
Or that the ruine of this once brave Merchant
(For such he was esteem'd though now decay'd)
Will raise your reputation with good men.
But you may urge, pray you pardon me, my zeal
Makes mee thus bold and vehement, in this
You satisfie your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your losse, and there was never yet
But shame, and scandall in a victorie
When the rebells unto reasons passions fought it.
Then for revenge by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offered; entertain'd by none
But cowards, base, and abject spirits, strangers
To morall honestie, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.
Lord. Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.
Sir John. Shall I be
Talk'd out of my money?
Luke. No, Sir, but intreated
To do your self a benefit, and preserve
What you possesse intire.
Sir. John. How my good brother?
Luke. By making these your beads-men. When they eat,

Their

Their thanks next heaven, will be paid to your mercy
When your Ships are at Sea, their prayers will ſwell
The Sails with proſperous winds, and guard 'em from
Tempeſts, and pirates: keep your ware-houſes
From fire, or quench 'em with their tears.
Sir John. No more.
Luke. Write you a good man in the peoples hearts,
Follow you every where.
Sir John. If this could be.
Luke. It muſt or our devotions are but words,
I ſee a gentle promiſe in your eie,
Make it a bleſſed act, and poor, me rich
In being the inſtrument.
S. John. You ſhall prevail.
Give 'em longer day. But do you hear, no talk of't,
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange.
I ſhall be laught at for my fooliſh pity.
Which mony men hate deadly. Take your own time
But ſee you break not. Carrie 'em to the Cellar,
Drink a health, aud thank your Orator.
Penurie. On our knees Sir.
Fortune. Honeſt M. *Luke*!
Hoyſt. I bleſſe the Counter where
You learn'd this Retorick.
Luke. No more of that friends. *Exeunt Luke, Hoyſt, Fortune, Penurie*
S. John. My honorable Lord
Lord. I have ſeen and heard all,
Excuſe my manners, and wiſh heartily
You were all of a peece. Your charity to your debtors
I do commend, but where you ſhould expreſſe
Your pietie to the height, I muſt boldly tell you
You ſhew your ſelf an Athieſt.
Sir John. Make me know
My error, and for what I am thus cenſur'd,
And I will purge my ſelf, or elſe confeſſe
A guiltie cauſe.
Lord. It is your harſh demeanour
To your poor brother.

S. John

S. John. Is that all?
Lord. 'Tis more
Then can admit defence. You keep Hymas
A Paraſite to your table, ſubject to
The ſcorn of your proud wife: an underling
To his own Neeces. And can I with mine honor
Mix my blood with his, that is not ſenſible
Of his brothers miſeries?
S. John. Pray you take me with you,
And let mee yeeld my reaſons why I am
No opener handed to him. I was born
His elder brother, yet my fathers fondneſſe
To him the younger robb'd me of my birth-right:
He had a fair eſtate, which his looſe riots
Soon brought to nothing. Wants grew heavy on him
And when layd up for debt, of all forſaken,
And in his own hopes loſt, I did redeem him,
Lord. You could not do leſſe.
S. *John.* Was I bound to it my Lord?
What I poſſeſſe, I may with juſtice call
The harveſt of my induſtry. Would you have me,
Neglecting mine own family, to give up
My eſtate to his diſpoſure?
Lord. I would have you,
What's paſs'd forgot, to uſe him as a brother;
A brother of fair parts, of a clear ſoul,
Religious, good, and honeſt.
S. *John.* Outward gloſs
Often deceives, may it not prove ſo in him,
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature
Renders me doubtful, but that ſhall not make
A breach between us: Let us in to dinner,
And what truſt, or imployment you think fit
Shall be conferred upon him: If he prove
True gold in the touch, I'le be no mourner for it.
Lord. If counterfeit, I'le never truſt my judgment.
Exeunt.

Actus ſecundus, Scena prima.

Enter Luke, Holdfaſt, Goldwire, Tradewell.

Holdfaſt. The like was never ſeen.
Luke. Why in this rage man?
Holdfaſt. Men may talk of Country-Chriſtmaſes, and Court-gluttonie,
Their thirty pound butter'd eggs, their Pies of Carps tongues,
Their Pheaſants drench'd with Ambergreece, the carkaſes
Of three fat Weathers bruiſed for gravie to
Make ſauce for a ſingle Peacock, yet their feaſts
Were faſts compar'd with the Cities.
Tradewell. What deer dainty
Was it thou murmur'ſt at?
Holdfaſt. Did you not obſerve it?
There were three ſucking piggs ſerv'd up in a diſh,
Took from the ſow as ſoon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,
That ſtood my Maſter in twenty marks a piece,
Beſides the puddings in their bellies made
Of I know not what. I dare ſwear the cook that dreſs'd it
Was the Devill, diſguis'd like a Dutch-man.
Goldwire. Yet all this
Will not make you fat, fellow-*Holdfaſt.*
Holdfaſt. I am rather
Starv'd to look on't. But here's the miſchief, though
The diſhes were rais'd one upon another
As woodmongers do billets, for the firſt,
The ſecond, and third courſe, and moſt of the ſhopps
Of the beſt confectioners in *London* ranſack'd
To furniſh out a banquet, yet my Lady
Call'd me penurious raſcall, and cri'd out,
There was nothing worth the eating.
Goldwire. You muſt have patience,

This is not done often.
Holdfast. 'Tis not fit it ſhould,
Three ſuch dinners more would break an Alderman;
And make him give up his cloak. I am reſolv'd
To have no hand in't. I'le make up my accompts
And ſince, my Maſter longs to be undone;
The great Fiend be his Steward, I will pray,
And bleſſe my ſelf from him. *Exit Holdfaſt.*
Goldwire. The wretch ſhews in this
An honeſt care.
Luke. Out on him, with the fortune
Of a ſlave, he has the mind of one. However
She bears me hard, I like my Ladies humor,
And my brothers ſufferage to it. They are now
Buſie on all hands; one ſide eager for
Large portions, the other arguing ſtrictly
For jointures, and ſecuritie; but this
Being above our ſcale, no way concerns us.
How dul you look? in the mean time how intend you
To ſpend the hours?
Goldwire. We well know how we would,
But dare not ſerve our wills.
Tradewell. Being prentices,
We are bound to attendance.
Luke. Have you almoſt ſerv'd out
The term of your Indentures, yet make conſcience
By ſtarts to uſe your liberty? Haſt thou traded
In the other world, expos'd unto all dangers,
To make thy Maſter rich, yet dar'ſt not take
Some portion of the profit for thy pleaſure?
Or wilt thou being keeper of the Caſh,
Like an Aſs that carries dainties, feed on Thiſtles?
Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant tincture
Of gentry in you? You are no Mechanicks,
Nor ſerve ſome needy ſhop-keeper, who ſurveighs
His every-day-takings. You have in your keeping,
A maſſe of wealth, from which you may take boldly,
And no way be diſcover'd. He's no rich man

That knows all he poſſeſſes, and leavs nothing
For his ſervants to make prey of. I bluſh for you,
Bluſh at your poverty of ſpirit, you
The brave ſparks of the City?
Goldwire. M. *Luke*,
I wonder, you ſhould urge this, having felt
What miſerie follows riot.
Tradewell. And the penance
You indur'd for't in the Counter.
Luke. You are fools,
The caſe is not the ſame. I ſpent mine own money,
And my ſtock being ſmal, no mervail 'twas ſoon waſted.
But you without the leaſt doubt or ſuſpicion,
If cautelous, may make bold with your Maſters.
As for example; when his Ships come home,
And you take your receipts, as 'tis the faſhion,
For fifty bales of Silk you may write forty,
Or for ſo many pieces of Cloth of Bodkin,
Tiſſue, Gold, Silver, Velvets, Sattins, Taffaties,
A piece of each deducted from the groſſe
Will never be miſs'd, a daſh of a pen will do it.
Trad. I, but our fathers bonds that lye in pawn
For our honeſties muſt pay for't.
Luke. A meer bugbear
Invented to fright children. As I live
Were I the maſter of my brothers fortunes,
I ſhould glory in ſuch ſervants. Did'ſt thou know
What raviſhing lechery it is to enter
An Ordinarie, *capape*, trim'd like a Gallant,
(For which in truncks conceal'd be ever furniſh'd)
The reverence, reſpect, the crouches, cringes,
The muſical chime of Gold in your cram'd pockets,
Commands from the attendants, and poor Porters?
Tradewell. Oh rare!
Luke. Then ſitting at the Table with
The braveries of the kingdom, you ſhall hear
Occurrents from all corners of the world,
The plots, the Counſels, the deſigns of Princes,

And

And freely cenſure 'em ; the City wits
Cri'd up, or decri'd, as their paſſions lead 'em ;
Judgment having nought to do there.
Tradewell. Admirable!
Luke. My Lord no ſooner ſhal riſe out of his chair,
The gameing Lord I mean, but you may boldly
By the priviledge of a gameſter fill his room,
For in play you are all fellows ; have your knife
Aſſoon in the Pheaſant ; drink your health as freely,
And ſtriking in a luckie hand or two,
Buy out your time.
Tradewell. This may be : but ſuppoſe
We ſhould be known.
Luke. Have mony and good cloaths
And you may paſſe inviſible. Or if
You love a Madam-punck, and your wide noſtrills
Be taken with the ſent of cambrick ſmocks
Wrought, and perfum'd.
Goldwire. There, there, M. *Luke*,
There lyes my road of happineſs.
Luke. Injoy it,
And pleaſures ſtol'n being ſweeteſt, apprehend
The raptures of being hurried in a Coach
To Brainford, Stanes, or Barnet.
Goldwire. 'Tis inchanting,
I have prov'd it.
Luke. Haſt thou ?
Goldwire. Yes in all theſe places,
I have had my ſeveral Pagans billeted
For my own tooth, and after ten pound ſuppers
The curtains drawn, my Fidlers playing all night
The ſhaking of the ſheets, which I have danc'd
Again, and again with my Cockatrice. M. *Luke*,
You ſhall be of my counſel, and we two ſworn brothers,
And therefore I'le be open. I am out now
Six hundred in the Caſh, yet if on a ſudden
I ſhould be call'd to account, I have a trick
How to evade it, and make up the ſum.

Tradewell. Is't possible?
Luke. You can intrust your Tutor.
How? how? good Tom.
Goldwire. Why look you. We cash-keepers
Hold correspondence, supply one another
On all occasions. I can borrow for a week
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,
A third lays down the rest, and when they want,
As my Masters monies come in, I do repay it,
Ka me, ka thee.
Luke. An excellent knot! 'tis pity
It e're should be unloos'd; for me it shall not,
You are shew'n the way friend *Tradewell*, you may make use on't,
Or freeze in the ware-house, and keep company
With the Cator *Holdfast*.
Tradewell. No, I am converted.
A Barbican Broker will furnish me with out side,
And then a crash at the Ordinarie.
Goldwire. I am for
The Lady you saw this morning, who indeed is
My proper recreation.
Luke. Go to Tom,
What did you make me?
Goldwire. I'le do as much for you,
Imploy me when you please:
Luke. If you are enquired for,
I will excuse you both.
Tradewell. Kind M. *Luke*;
Goldwire. Wee'l break my Master to make you;
You know.
Luke. I cannot love money, go boyes. When time serves
It shall appear, I have another end in't.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord, Sir John, Lacie, Plenty, Lady, Ann, Mary, Millisent.

Sir John. Ten thousand pounds a piece I'le make their portions,
And after my decease it shall be double,

Provi-

Provided you assure them for their jointures
800*l. per annum*, and intail
A thousand more upon the heirs male,
Begotten on their bodies.
Lord. Sir, you bind us
To very strict conditions.
Plentie. You my Lord
May do as you please: but to me it seems strange,
We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,
Before our hearts are settled.
Ladie. You say right, *A chair set out.*
There are counsels of more moment, and importance
On the making up of marriages to be
Consider'd duly, then the portion, or the jointures
In which a mothers care must be exacted,
And I by speciall priviledge may challenge
A casting voice.
Lord. How's this?
Lady. Even so my Lord,
In these affairs I govern.
Lord. Give you way to't?
S. *John.* I must my Lord.
Lady. 'Tis fit he should, and shall:
You may consult of somthing else, this Province
Is wholly mine.
Lacie. By the City custom Madam?
Lady. Yes my young Sir, and both must look my daughters
Will hold it by my Copie.
Plenty. Brave i'faith.
S. *John.* Give her leave to talk, we have the power to do;
And now touching the businesse we last talk'd of,
In private if you please.
Lord. 'Tis well remembred,
You shall take your own way Madam. *Exeunt Lord and S. John.*
Lacie. What strange lecture
Will she read unto us?
Lady. Such as wisedom warrants
From the Superiour bodies. Is *Stargaze* ready

With

With his ſeveral Schemes?

Milliſ. Yes Madam, and attends
Your pleaſure. *Exit Milliſcent.*

Lacie. *Stargaze*, Ladie: What is he?

Lady. Call him in. You ſhall firſt know him, then admire him
For a man of many parts, and thoſe parts rare ones.
Hee's every thing indeed, parcel Phyſician,
And as ſuch preſcribes my diet, and foretells
My dreams when I eat Potato's; parcel Poet,
And ſings Encomiums to my virtues ſweetly;
My Antecedent, or my Gentleman Uſher;
And as the ſtarrs move, with that due proportion
He walks before me; but an abſolute Maſter
In the Calculation of Nativities;
Guided by that ne're-erring ſcience, call'd,
Judicial Aſtrologie.

Plentie. *Stargaze*! ſure
I have a penny Almanack about me
Inſcrib'd to you, as to his Patroneſs,
In his name publiſh'd.

Lady. Keep it as a jewel.
Some States-men that I will not name, are wholly
Governed by his predictions, for they ſerve
For any latitude in Chriſtendome,
Aſwell as our own climate.

Enter Milliſcent, and Stargaze, with two Schemes.

Lady I believe ſo.

Plentie. Muſt we couple by the Almanack?

Lady. Be ſilent,
And e're we do articulate, much more
Grow to a full concluſion, inſtruct us
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promiſe
Happie ſucceſs in marriage.

Stargaze. *In omni*
Parte, & toto.

Plentie. Good learn'd Sir, in Engliſh.
And ſince it is reſolved we muſt be Coxcombs,
Make us ſo in own language.

Stargaze.

Stargaze. You are pleasant:
Thus in our vulgar tongue then.

Ladie. Pray you observe him.

Stargaze. *Venus* in the West-angle, the house of marriage the *7th* house, in Trine of *Mars*, in Conjunction of *Luna*, and *Mars* Almuthen, or Lord of the Horoscope.

Plentie. Hoy day

Ladie. The Angels language, I am ravish'd! forward.

Stargaze. *Mars* as I said Lord of the Horoscope, or geniture, in mutual reception of each other, shee in her Exaltation, and he in his Triplicitie trine, and face, assure a fortunate combination to *Hymen*, excellent prosperous and happie.

Ladie. Kneel, and give thanks. *The Women kneel*

Lacie. For what we understand not.

Plenty. And have as little faith in't.

Lady. Be credulous,
To me 'tis Oracle.

Stargaze. Now for the sovereigntie of my future Ladies, your daughters after they are married.

Plenty. Wearing the breeches you mean.

Lady. Touch that point home,
It is a principal one, and with London Ladies
Of main consideration.

Stargaze This is infallible: *Saturn* out of all dignities in his detriment and fall, combust: and *Venus* in the South-angle elevated above him, Ladie of both their Nativities; in her essential, and accidental dignities; occidental from the Sun, oriental from the Angle of the East, in Cazini of the Sun, in her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of infortunes; in a sign commanding, and Mars in a constellation obeying, she fortunate, and he dejected, the disposers of marriage in the Radix of the native in feminine figures, argue foretel, and declare preheminence, rule, preheminen ce and absolute soveraignity in women.

Lacie. Is't possible!

Stargaze. 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the Aphorismes of the old Chaldeans; *Zoroastes* the first and greatest Magician, *Mercurius Trismegistus*, the later *Ptolomy*, and the everlasting Prognosticator, old *Erra Pater*.

Lady. Are you yet satisfi'd?

Plentie. In what?
Lady. That you
Are bound to obey your Wives; it being ſo
Determin'd by the ſtarrs, againſt whoſe influence
There is no oppoſition.
Plenty. Since I muſt
Be married by the Almanack, as I may be,
'Twere requiſite the ſervices and duties
Which, as you ſay, I muſt pay to my wife,
Were ſet down in the Calender.
Lacie. With the date
Of my Apprenticeſhip.
Lady. Make your demands;
I'le ſit as Moderatrix, if they preſſe you
With over hard conditions.
Lacie. Mine hath the Van,
I ſtand your charge, ſweet.
Stargaze. Silence.
Anne. I require firſt
(And that ſince 'tis in faſhion with kind husbands;
In civil manners you muſt grant) my will
In all things whatſoever, and that will
To be obey'd, not argu'd.
Lady. And good reaſon.
Plenty. A gentle *Imprimis.*
Lacie. This in groſſe contains all;
But your ſpecial *Items*, Lady.
Anne. When I am one
(And you are honour'd to be ſtyl'd my husband)
To urge my having my Page, my Gentleman-Uſher;
My Woman ſworn to my ſecrets; my Caroch
Drawn by ſix Flanders-Mares; my Coachman, Grooms,
Poſtilian, and Footmen.
Lacie. Is there ought elſe
To be demanded?
Anne. Yes Sir, mine own Doctor; French, and Italian Cooks;
Muſicians, Songſters,
And a Chaplain that muſt preach to pleaſe my fancie;

A friend

A friend at Court to place me at a Mask;
The private Box took up at a new Play
For me, and my retinue; a freſh habit,
(Of a faſhion never ſeen before) to draw
The Gallants eies that ſit on the Stage upon me;
Some decay'd Ladie for my Paraſite,
To flatter me, and rail at other Madams;
And there ends my ambition.

Lacie. Your deſires
Are modeſt, I confeſs.

Anne. Theſe toies ſubſcrib'd to,
And you continuing an obedient Husband
Upon all fit occaſions, you ſhall find me
A moſt indulgent Wife.

Lady. You have ſaid, give place
And hear your younger Siſter.

Plenty. If ſhee ſpeak
Her language, may the great Fiend booted & ſpurr'd,
With a Sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman ſaies,
Ride headlong down her throat.

Lacie. Curſe not the Judg
Before you hear the ſentence.

Mary. In ſome part
My Siſter hath ſpoke well for the Citie pleaſures,
But I am for the Countries, and muſt ſay
Under correction in her demands
She was too modeſt.

Lacie. How like you this Exordium?

Plenty. Too modeſt, with a miſchief!

Mary. Yes, too modeſt:
I know my value, and prize it to the worth;
My youth, my beauty.

Plenty. How your glaſſe deceives you?

Mary. The greatneſſe of the portion I bring with me,
And the Sea of happineſſe that from me flows to you.

Lacie. She bears up cloſe.

Mary. And can you in your wiſedom,
Or ruſticall ſimplicity imagine,

You have met ſome innocent Country girle, that never
Look'd further then her fathers farm, nor knew more
Then the price of corn in the Market; or at what rate
Beef went a ſtone? that would ſurveigh your dayrie,
And bring in mutton out of Cheeſe, and butter?
That could give directions at what time of the Moon
To cut her Cocks, for Capons againſt Chriſtmas,
Or when to raiſe up Goſlings?

Plenty. Theſe are arts
Would not mis-become you, though you ſhould put in
Obedience and duty.

Mary. Yes, and patience,
To ſit like a fool at home, and eye your thraſhers;
Then make proviſion for your ſlavering Hounds,
When you come drunk from an Ale-houſe after hunting,
With your Clowns and Comrades as if all were yours,
You the Lord Paramount, and I the drudge;
The caſe Sir, muſt be otherwiſe.

Plentie. How, I beſeech you?

Mary. Marry thus. I will not like my Siſter challenge
What's uſefull, or ſuperfluous from my Husband,
That's baſe all o're. mine ſhall receive from me,
What I think fit. I'le have the State convey'd
Into my hands; and he put to his penſion,
Which the wiſe virago's of our climate practiſe,
I will receive your rents.

Plenty. You ſhall be hang'd firſt.

Mary. Make ſale, or purchaſe. Nay I'le have my neighbours
Inſtructed, when a paſſenger ſhall ask,
Whoſe houſe is this? though you ſtand by to anſwer,
The Lady *Plenties*. Or who owes this manner?
The Lady *Plenty.* Whoſe ſheep are theſe? whoſe oxen?
The Lady *Plenties.*

Plentie. A plentifull Pox upon you.

Mary. And when I have children, if it be enquir'd
By a ſtranger whoſe they are, they ſhall ſtill Eccho
My Lady *Plenties*? the Husband never thought on.

Plenty. In their begetting I think ſo.

Mary

Mary. Since you'l marry
In the City for our wealth, in justice, we
Must have the Countries Soveraignty.
Plenty. And we nothing.
Mary. A Nagg of forty shillings, a couple of Spaniels,
With a Spar-Hawk is sufficient, and these too,
As you shall behave your self, during my pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said Sir,
Now if you like me, so.
Lady. At my intreaty,
The Articles shall be easier.
Plenty. Shall they i'faith?
Like Bitch, like Whelps:
Lacie. Use fair words.
Plenty. I cannot;
I have read of a house of pride, and now I have found one:
A whirle winde overturn it.
Lacie. On these terms,
Wil your minxship be a Lady?
Plenty. A Lady in a morris,
I'le wedd a Pedlers punck first.
Lacie. Tinkers trull,
A begger without a smock.
Plenty. Let Mounsieur Almanack,
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's Staffe,
Find you out a Husband in a bowling Ally.
Lacie. The general pimp to a Brothel.
Plenty. Though that now,
All the loose desires of man were rak'd up in me,
And no means but thy Maiden-head left to quench 'em,
I would turn Cynders, or the next Sow-gelder,
On my life should libb me, rather then imbrace thee.
Ann. Wooing do you call this?
Mary. A Bear-baiting rather.
Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve it, and I hope
I shall live to see it.
Lacie. I'le not rail, nor curse you,
Only this; you are pretty peates, and your great portions

Adds much unto your handſomeneſſe, but as
You would command your Husbands you are beggers,
Deform'd, and uglie.
Lady. Hear me.
Plenty. Not a word more. *Exeunt Lacie and Plenty.*
Ann. I ever thought 'twould come to this.
Mary. Wee may
Lead Apes in Hell for Husbands, if you bind us
T' articulate thus with our ſutors. *Both ſpeak weeping.*
Stargaze. Now the Clowd breaks,
And the Storm will fall on me.
Lady. You raſcal, jugler. *She breaks his head, and beats him.*
Stargaze. Dear Madam.
Lady. Hold you intelligence with the Starrs,
And thus deceive me?
Stargaze. My art cannot erre,
If it does I'le burn my Aſtrolabe. In mine own Starr
I did fore ſee this broken head, and beating;
And now your Ladyſhip ſees, as I do feel it,
It could not be avoided.
Lady. Did you?
Stargaze. Madam,
Have patience but a week, and if you finde not
All my predictions true touching your daughters,
And a change of fortune to your ſelf, a rare one,
Turn me out of doors. Theſe are not the men, the Planets
Appointed for their Husbands, there will come
Gallants of another metall.
Milliſcent. Once more truſt him.
Ann. Mary. Do, Lady mother.
Ladie. I am vex'd, look to it;
Turn o're your books, if once again you fool me,
You ſhall graze elſwhere: Come Girles. *Exeunt*
Stargaze. I am glad I ſcap'd thus.

Actus ſecundus, Scena tertia.

Enter Lord, *and Sir John.*

Lord. THe plot ſhews very likely.
Sir John. I repoſe
My principal truſt in your Lordſhip; 'twill prepare
The phyſick I intend to miniſter
To my Wife, and Daughters.
Lord. I will do my parts
To ſet it off to the life.

Enter Lacie *and Plenty.*

Sir John. It may produce
A Scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the Suitors;
When we underſtand how they reliſh my Wife's humors,
The reſt is feaſible.
Lord. Their looks are cloudie.
Sir John. How ſits the wind? Are you ready to launch forth
Into this ſea of marriage.
Plenty. Call it rather
A Whirle-pool of afflictions.
Lacie. If you pleaſe
To injoin me to it, I will undertake
To find the North-paſſage to the *Indies* ſooner,
Then plough with your proud Heifer.
Plenty. I will make
A Voiage to Hell firſt.
Sir John. How, Sir?
Plenty. And court *Proſerpine*
In the ſight of *Pluto*, his three-headed Porter
Cerberus ſtanding by, and all the furies,
With their whips to ſcourge me for't, then ſay, I *Jeffrey*
Take your *Mary* for my Wife.
Lord. Why what's the matter?
Lacie. The matter is, the mother, with your pardon,

I can-

I cannot but ſpeak ſo much, is a moſt inſufferable,
Proud, inſolent Ladie.
Plenty. And the daughter's worſe.
The Damm in years had th'advantage to be wicked,
But they were ſo in her belly.
Lacie. I muſt tell you,
With reverence to your wealth, I do begin
To think you of the ſame leaven.
Plenty. Take my counſel;
'Tis ſafer for your credit to profeſſe
Your ſelf a Cuckold, and upon record,
Then ſay they are your Daughters.
Sir John. You go too far Sir.
Lacie. They have ſo Articl'd with us.
Plenty. And will not take us
For their Husbands, but their ſlaves, and ſo aforehand
They do profeſs they'l uſe us.
Sir John. Leave this heat:
Though they are mine I muſt tell you, the perverſeneeſſ
Of their manners (which they did not take from me,
But from their mother) qualified, they deſerve
Your equalls.
Lacie. True, but what's bred in the bone
Admits no hope of cure:
Plenty. Though Saints, and Angels
Were their Phyſitians.
Sir John. You conclude too faſt.
Plenty. God bowy you, I'le travail three years, but I'le bury
This ſhame that lives upon me.
Lacie. With your licence,
I'le keep him company.
Lord. who ſhall furniſh you,
For your expences?
Plenty. He ſhall not need your help,
My purſe is his; we were rivals, but now friends,
And will live and die ſo.
Lacie. E're we go I'le pay
My duty as a ſon.

Plenty.

Plenty. And till then leave you. *Ext. Lacie and Plenty.*
Lord. They are ſtrangely mov'd.
Sir John. What's wealth, accompanied
With diſobedience in a wife and children?
My heart will break
Lord. Be comforted, and hope better;
Wee'l ride abroad, the freſh air and diſcourſe,
May yield us new inventions.
Sir John. You are noble,
And ſhall in all things, as you pleaſe command me. *Exeunt*

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Shaveem and Secret.

Secret. DEad doings, Daughter.
Shave'm Doings! ſufferings mother:
Men have forgot what doing is;
And ſuch as have to pay for what they do,
Are impotent, or Eunuchs.
Secret. You have a friend yet, *Muſick come down.*
And a ſtriker too, I take it.
Shaveem. Goldwire is ſo,
And comes to me by ſtealth, and as he can ſteal, maintains me
In cloaths, I grant; but alas Dame, what's one friend?
I would have a hundred for every hour, and uſe
And change of humour I am in a freſh one.
'Tis a flock of Sheep that makes a lean Wolf fat,
And not a ſingle Lambkin. I am ſtarv'd,
Starv'd in my pleaſures. I know not what a Coach is,
To hurrie me to the Burſe, or old Exchange,
The Neathouſe for Muſk-mellons, and the Gardens
Where we traffick for Aſparagus, are to me
In the other world.
Secret. There are other places Ladie.
Where you might find cuſtomers.

Shaveem. You would have me foot it
To the Dancing of the Ropes, ſita whole afternoon there
In expectation of Nuts and Pippins;
Gape round about me, and yet not find a Chapamn
That in courteſie will bid a chop of mutton,
Or a pint of Drum-wine for me.
Secret. You are ſo impatient.
But I can tell you news will comfort you,
And the whole Siſter-hood.
Shavem. What's that?
Secret. I am told
Two Embaſſadours are come over. A French Monſieur,
And a Venetian, one of the Clariſſimi,
A hot rein'd Marmoſite. Their followers,
For their Countries honor, after a long Vacation,
Will make a full term with us.
Shavem. They indeed are
Our certain and beſt cuſtomers: Who knocks there? *Knock within.*
Within Ramble. Open the door.
Secret. What are you?
Ramble, *Within Ramble.*
Scuffle. *Within Scuffle.*
Within Ramble. Your conſtant viſitants.
Shaven. Let 'em not in.
I know em ſwaggering, ſuburbian roarers,
Six-penny truckers
Within Ramble. Down go all your windows,
And your neighbours too ſhall ſuffer.
Within Scuffle. Force the doors.
Secret. They are out-laws, miſtriſſe *Shavem*, and there is
No remedie againſt em, what ſhould you fear?
They are but men, lying at your cloſe ward,
You have foyl'd their betters.
Shavem. Out you Baud. You care not
Upon what deſperate ſervice you imploy me,
Nor with whom, ſo you have your fee.
Secret. Sweet ladie-bird
Sing a milder key.

Enter Ramble and Scuffle.

Scuffle. Are you grown proud?
Ramble. I knew you a waſtcotier in the garden allies,
And would come to a ſaylors whiſtle.
Secret. Good Sir *Ramble*,
Uſe her not roughly. Shee is very tender.
Ramble. Rank and rotten, is ſhe not? *She draws her knife.*
Shavem. Your ſpittle rogueſhips *Ramble his ſword.*
Shall not make me ſo.
Secret. As you are a man, Squire *Scuffle*,
Step in between em. A weapon of that length
Was ne're drawn in my houſe.
Shavem. Let him come on,
I'le ſcoure it in your guts, you dog.
Ramble. You brach,
Are you turn'd mankind. You forgot I gave you,
When wee laſt join'd iſſue, twenty pound.
Shavem. O're night,
And kickt it out of me in the morning. I was then
A novice, but I know to make my game now.
Fetch the Conſtable.

Enter Goldwire like a Juſtice of Peace, Dingem like a Conſtable, the Muſicians like watch-men.

Secret. Ah me. Here's one unſent for,
And a Juſtice of Peace too.
Shavem. I'le hang you both you raſcalls,
I can but ride. You for the purſe you cut
In Powl's at a ſermon. I have ſmoak'd you. And you for the bacon
You took on the high way from the poor market woman
As ſhe road from Rumford.
Ramble. Miſtris *Shavem.*
Scuffle. Miſtris *Secret*,
On our knees we beg your pardon.
Scuffle. Set a ranſom on us.
Secret. We cannot ſtand trifling. If you mean to ſave them,
Shut them out at the back-door.
Shavem. Firſt for puniſhment

They ſhall leave their cloaks behind em, and in ſign
I am their ſoveraign, and they my vaſſalls, *Exeunt Ramble*
For homage kiſs my Shoo-ſole rogues, and vaniſh. *and Scuffle.*
Goldwire. My brave virago. The coaſts clear. Strike up.
Shavem. My *Goldwire* made a Juſtice. *Goldwire, and the*
Secret. And your ſcout *reſt diſcovered.*
Turn'd Conſtable, and the Muſicians watch-men.
Goldwire. We come not to fright you, but to make you merry.
A light Lavolto. *They dance.*
Shavem. I am tir'd. No more.
This was your device.
Dingem. Wholly his own. He is
No pig ſconce Miſtris.
Secret. He has an excellent head-peece
Goldwire. Fie no, not I: your jeering gallants ſay
We Citizens have no wit.
Dingem. He dyes that ſays ſo.
This was a maſter-piece.
Goldwire. A trifling ſtratagem,
Not worth the talking of.
Shavem. I muſt kiſs thee for it
Again, and again.
Dingem. Make much of her. Did you know
What ſuiters ſhe had ſince ſhe ſaw you.
Goldwire. I'the way of marriage.
Dingem. Yes Sir, for marriage, and the other thing too.
The commoditie is the ſame. An Iriſh Lord offer'd her
Five pound a week.
Secret. And a caſhier'd Captain, half
Of his entertainment.
Dingem. And a new made Courtier
The next ſuit he could beg.
Goldwire. And did my ſweet one
Refuſe all this for me?
Shavem. Weep not for joy,
'Tis true. Let others talk of Lords, and Commanders;
And country heirs for their ſervants; but give mee
My gallant prentice. He parts with his mony

So civilly, and demurely; keeps no account
Of his expences, and comes ever furnish'd.
I know thou hast brought money to make up
My gown and petticoat, with th'appurtenances.
Goldwire. I have it here Duck, thou shalt want for nothing.
Shavem. Let the chamber be perfum'd, and get you Sirrah
His cap, and pantables ready.
Goldwire. There's for thee,
And thee. That for a banquet.
Secret. And a cawdle
Again you rise.
Goldwire. There.
Shavem. Usher us up in state.
Goldwire. You will be constant. *Exeunt wanton, Musick*
Shavem Thou art the whole world to me. *plaid before 'em*

Actus tertius, Scena secunda.

Enter Luke.

Within Anne. *Within Lady.* WHere is this Uncle? Call this Beadsman, brother: he hath forgot attendance.
Within Mary. Seek him out: idleness spoils him.
Luke. I deserve much more then their scorn can load me with, and 'tis but justice,
That I should live the families drudge, design'd
To all the sordid offices their pride
Imposes on me; since if now I sate
A Judge in mine own cause, I should conclude
I am not worth their pitie: such as want
Discourse, and judgment, and through weakness fall,
May merit man's compassion; but I
That knew profuseness of expence the parent
Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,
To riot out mine own, to live upon

The alms of others! steering on a rock
I might have shun'd: O heaven! 'tis not fit
I should look upward, much lesse hope for mercy.

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, Stargaze, and Millisent.

Lady. What are you devising, Sir?

Anne. My Uncle is much given to his devotion.

Mary. And takes time to mumble
A *Pater noster* to himself.

Lady. Know you where
Your brother is? It better would become you
(Your means of life depending wholly on him)
To give your attendance.

Luke. In my will I do:
But since he rode forth yesterday with Lord *Lacie*,
I have not seen him.

Lady. And why went not you
By his stirrup? how do you look? were his eies clos'd,
You'd be glad of such imploiment.

Luke. 'Twas his pleasure
I should wait your commands, and those I am ever
Most ready to receive.

Lady. I know you can speak well,
But say and do.

Enter Lord Lacie with a Will.

Luke. Here comes my Lord.

Lady. Further off:
You are no companion for him, and his businesse
Aims not at you, as I take it.

Luke. Can I live in this base condition? *aside*

Lady. I hop'd, my Lord,
You had brought Mr. *Frugall* with you, for I must ask
An account of him from you.

Lord. I can give it, Ladie;
But with the best discretion of a woman,
And a strong fortifi'd patience, I desire you
To give it hearing.

Luke. My heart beats.

Lady. My Lord, you much amaze me.

Lord. I ſhall aſtoniſh you. The noble Merchant,
Who living was for his integritie
And upright dealing (a rare miracle
In a rich Citizen) Londons beſt honour;
Is——I am loth to ſpeak it.
Luke. Wondrous ſtrange!
Lady. I do ſuppoſe the worſt, not dead I hope?
Lord. Your ſuppoſition's true, your hopes are falſe:
Hee's dead.
Lady. Ay mee.
Anne. My Father.
Mary. My kind Father.
Luke. Now they inſult not.
Lord. Pray hear me out.
Hee's dead. Dead to the world, and you. And now
Lives onely to himſelf.
Luke. What Riddle's this?
Lady. Act not the torturer in my afflictions;
But make me underſtand the ſumme of all
That I muſt undergo.
Lord. In few words take it;
He is retir'd into a Monaſtery,
Where he reſolves to end his daies.
Luke. More ſtrange.
Lord. I ſaw him take poſte for Dover, and the wind
Sitting ſo fair, by this hee's ſafe at Calice;
And ere long will be at Lovain.
Lady. Could I gueſſe
What were the motives that induc'd him to it,
'Twere ſome allay to my ſorrows.
Lord. I'le inſtruct you,
And chide you into that knowledg: 'twas your pride
Above your rank, and ſtubborn diſobedience
Of theſe your daughters, in their milk ſuck'd from you:
At home the harſhneſſe of his entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrowed from him; and to hear abroad
The imputations diſpers'd upon you,

And juſtly too, I fear, that drew him to
This ſtrict retirement: And thus much ſaid for him,
I am my ſelf to accuſe you.
Lady. I confeſſe
A guilty cauſe to him, but in a thought,
My Lord, I ne're wrong'd you.
Lord. In fact you have;
The inſolent diſgrace you put upon
My onely Son, and Mr. *Plenty*; men, that lov'd
Your daughters in a noble way, to waſh off
The ſcandal, put a reſolution in 'em
For three years travel.
Lady. I am much griev'd for it.
Lord. One thing I had forgot; your rigor to
His decaied brother, in which your flatteries,
Or ſorceries, made him a coagent with you,
Wrought not the leaſt impreſſion.
Luke. Humph! this ſounds well.
Lady. 'Tis now paſt help: after theſe ſtorms, my Lord,
A little calme, if you pleaſe.
Lord. If what I have told you
Shew'd like a ſtorm, what now I muſt deliver
Will prove a raging tempeſt. His whole eſtate
In lands and leaſes, debts and preſent moneys,
With all the movables he ſtood poſſes'd of,
With the beſt advice which he could get for gold,
From his learned counſel, by this formall Will
Is paſs'd o're to his brother. With it take
The key of his counting houſe. Not a groat left you,
Which you can call your own.
Ladie. Uudone for ever.
Ann. Mable. What will become of us?
Luke. Humph!
Lord. The Scenes chang'd,
And he that was your ſlave, by fate appointed
Your governour, you kneel to me in vain,
I cannot help you, I diſcharge the truſt
Impos'd upon me. This humilitie

From him may gain remiſſion, and perhaps
Forgetfulneſſe of your barbarous uſage to him.
Lady. Am I come to this.
Lord. Enjoy your own, good Sir,
But uſe it with due reverence. I once heard you
Speak moſt divinely in the oppoſition
Of a revengefull humor, to theſe ſhew it;
And ſuch who then depended on the mercy
Of your brother wholly now at your devotion,
And make good the opinion I held of you;
Of which I am moſt confident.
Luke. Pray you riſe,
And riſe with this aſſurance, I am ſtill,
As I was of late, your creature; and if rais'd
In any thing, 'tis in my power to ſerve you,
My will is ſtill the ſame. O my Lord!
This heap of wealth which you poſſeſſe me of.
Which to a worldly man had been a bleſſing,
And to the meſſenger might with juſtice challenge
A kind of adoration, is to me
A curſe, I cannot thank you for; and much leſſe
Rejoyce in that tranquility of mind,
My brothers vows muſt purchaſe. I have made
A dear exchange with him. He now enjoyes
My peace, and poverty, the trouble of
His wealth confer'd on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak ſhouldiers.
Lord. Honeſt ſoul,
With what feeling he receivs it.
Lady. You ſhall have
My beſt aſſiſtance, if you pleaſe to uſe it
To help you to ſuport it.
Luke. By no means,
The waight ſhall rather ſinck me, then you part
With one ſhort minute from thoſe lawfull pleaſures
Which you were born to in your care to aid me,
You ſhall have all abundance. In my nature
I was ever liberall, my Lord you know it.

Kind, affable. And now me thinks I see
Before my face the Jubile of joy
When it is assur'd, my brother lives in me,
His debtors in full cups crown'd to my health,
With Pæaus to my praise will celebrate.
For they well know 'tis far from me to take
The forfeiture of a bond. Nay I shall blush
The interest never paid after three years
When I demand my principall. And his servants
Who from a slavish fear pai'd her obedience
By him exacted; now when they are mine
Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me,
Being certain of the mildnesse of my temper,
Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men
Hath not the power to alter.

Lord. Yet take heed Sir
You ruine it not with too much lenity,
What his fit severity rais'd.

Lady. And we fall from
That height we have maintain'd

Luke. I'le build it higher
To admiration higher. With disdain
I look upon these habits, no way suiting
The wife, and daughters of a knighted Citizen
Blessed with abundance.

Lord. There Sir. I joyn with you
A fit decorum must be kept, the Court
Distinguished from the City.

Luke. With your favour
I know what you would say, but give me leave
In this to be your advocate. You are wide
The whole region in what I purpose.
Since all the titles, honours, long descents
Borrow their gloss from wealth ye'r rich with reason
May challenge their perogatives. And it shall be
My glory, nay a triumph to revive
In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory
Of the Roman matrons who kep't captive Queens

To be their hand-maids. And when you appear
Like *Juno* in full majesty, and my Neeces
Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else
Old Poets fancie; your examin'd ward robes richer
Then various natures, and draw down the envy
of our western world upon you, onely hold me
your vigillant *Hermes* with aeriall wings,
My caducevs my strong zeal to serve you,
Press'd to feth in all rarities may delight you,
And am made immortall.

Lord. A strang frensie.

Luke. Off with these rags, and then to bed. There dream
Of future greatnesse, which when you awake
I'le make a certain truth: but I must be
A doer, not a promiser. The peformance
Requiring hast, I kisse your hands, and leave you. *Exit Luke.*

Lord. Are we all turn'd statues: have his strange words charm'd us?
What muse you on Lady?

Lady. Do not trouble me.

Lord. Sleep you to young ones?

Anne. Swift wing'd time till now
Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night

Mary. Nay morning rather

Lord. Can you grouud your faith
On such impossibilities? have you so soon
Forgot your good Husband?

Lady. Hee was a vanitie
I must no more remember.

Lord. Excellent!
You your kind Father?

Anne. Such an Uncle never
Was read of in Storie!

Lord. Not one word in answer
Of my demands?

Mary. You are but a Lord, and know
My thoughts soar higher.

Lord. Admirable! I will leave you
To your Castles in the Air, when I relate this

It will exceed belief, but he must know it. *Exit Lord.*

Stargaze. Now I may boldly speak; May it please you Madam,
To look upon your Vassal; I foresaw this,
The Starrs assur'd it.

Lady. I begin to feel
My self another woman.

Stargaze. Now you shall find
All my predictions true, and nobler matches
Prepar'd for my young Ladies.

Millisc. Princely Husbands.

Anne. I'le go no lesse.

Mary. Not a word more,
Provide my night-rayl.

Millisc. What shall we be to morrow. *Exeunt*

Actus tertius, Scena tertia.

Enter Luke *with a key.*

Luke. 'TWas no phantastick object, but a truth
A reall truth. Nor dream I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! It did indure the touch,
I saw, and felt it. Yet what I beheld
And handl'd oft, did so transcend beleefe
(My wonder, and astonishment pass'd ore)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician that without a charm
Did'st make my entrance easie, to possesse
What wise men wish, and toyl for. *Hermes Moly*;
Sybilla's golden bough; the great Elixar,
Imagin'd onely by the Alchymist
Compar'd with thee are shadows, thou the substance,
And guardian of felicity. No marvail,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosome,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistris
To be hugg'd ever. In by corners of

This ſacred room, ſilver in bags heap'd up
Like billets ſaw'd, and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowſhip with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd it ſelf.
There needs no artificiall light, the ſplendor
Makes a perpetuall day there, night and darkneſſe
By that ſtill burning lamp for ever baniſh'd.
But when guided by that, my eyes had made
Diſcovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each ſparkling diamond from it ſelf ſhot forth
A pyram'd of flames, and in the roof
Fix it a glorious Star, and made the place
Heavens abſtract, or Epitome. Rubies, Saphires,
and ropes of Orient pearl; theſe ſeen I could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I found
What weak credulity could have no faith in
A treaſure far exceeding theſe. Here lay
A mannor bound faſt in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting.
Here a ſure deed of gift for a market town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrifts power. There being ſcarce one ſhire
In *Wales* or *England*, where my moneys are not
Lent out at uſurie, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am ſublim'd! groſſe earth
Supports me not. I walk on ayr! who's there
Theivs, raiſe the ſtreet, thievs!

Enter Lord, Sir John, Lacie, and Plenty, as Indians.

Lord. What ſtrange paſſion's this?
Have you your eies? do you know me?

Luke. You, my Lord!
I do: but this retinue, in theſe ſhapes too,
May well excuſe my fears. When 'tis your pleaſure
That I ſhould wait upon you, give me leave
To do it at your own houſe, for I muſt tell you,
Things as they now are with me, well conſider'd,
I do not like ſuch viſitants.

Lord. Yeſterday

When you had nothing, praise your poverty for't,
You could have sung secure before a thief;
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspitions,
And needless fears possess you. Thank a good brother,
But let not this exalt you.

Luke. A good brother:
Good in his conscience, I confesse, and wise,
In giving o're the world. But his estate
Which your Lordship may conceive great, no way answers
The general opinion. Alas,
With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.

Lord. A poor man, say you?

Luke. Poor, compar'd with what
'Tis thought I do possesse. Some little land,
Fair houshold furniture; a few good debts,
But empty bags I find: yet I will be
A faithful Steward to his wife and daughters,
And to the utmost of my power obey
His will in all things

Lord. I'le not argue with you
Of his estate, but bind you to performance
Of his last request, which is for testimony
Of his religious charitie, that you would
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from
Virginia, into your house; and labour
At any rate with the best of your endeavours,
Assisted by the aids of our Divines,
To make 'm Christians.

Luke. Call you this, my Lord,
Religious charitie? to send Infidells,
Like hungrie Locusts, to devour the bread
Should feed his family. I neither can,
Nor will consent to't.

Lord. Do not slight it, 'tis
With him a businesse of such consequence,
That should he onely hear 'tis not embrac'd,
And charfully, in this his conscience aiming
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o're

To see it himself accomplish'd.
Luke. Heaven forbid
I should divert him from his holy purpose
To worldly cares again. I rather will
Sustain the burthen, and with the converted
Feast the converters, who I know will prove
The greater feeders.
Sir John. *Oh, ha, enewah Chrish bully leika.*
Plenty. *Enaula.*
Lacy. *Harrico botikia bonnery.*
Luke. Ha! In this heathen language,
How is it possible our Doctors should
Hold conference with 'em? or I use the means
For their conversion?
Lord. That shall be no hinderance
To your good purposes. They have liv'd long
In the English Colonie, and speak our language
As their own Dialect; the business does concern you:
Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,
As in your poverty you were, a pious
And honest man *Exit.*
Luke. That is, interpreted,
A slave, and begger.
Sir John. You conceive it right,
There being no religion, nor virtue
But in abundance, and no vice but want.
All deities serve *Plutus.*
Luke. Oracle.
Sir John. Temples rais'd to our selvs in the increase
Of wealth, and reputation, speak a wiseman;
But sacrifice to an imagin'd power,
Of which we have no sense, but in belief,
A superstitious fool.
Luke. True worldly wisdom.
Sir John. All knowledge else is folly.
Lacie. Now we are yours,
Be confident your better Angel is
Enter'd your house.

Plenty. There being nothing in
The compaſſe of your wiſhes, but ſhall end
In their fruition to the full.
Sir John. As yet,
You do not know us, but when you underſtand
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were
That brought us hither, you will entertain us
With more reſpect.
Luke. There's ſomthing whiſpers to me,
Theſe are no common men; my houſe is yours,
Enjoy it freely: onely grant me this,
Not to be ſeen abroad till I have heard
More of your ſacred principles, pray enter.
You are learn'd Europians, and wee worſe
Then ignorant Americans.
Sir John. You ſhall find it. *Exeunt*

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Dingem, Gettall, and Holdfaſt.

Dingem. NOt ſpeak with him? with fear ſurvey me better,
Thou figure of famine.
Gettal. Comming, as we do,
From his quondam patrons, his dear Ingles now,
The brave ſpark *Tradewell.*
Dingem. And the man of men
In the ſervice of a woman, gallant *Goldwire.*

Enter Luke.

Holdfaſt. I know'em for his prentices without
Theſe flouriſhes. Here are rude fellows Sir.
Dingem. Not yours, you raſcall?
Holdfaſt. No, Don pimp: you may ſeek'em
In Bridewell, or the hole, here are none of your comrogues.
Luke. One of 'em looks as he would cut my throat:
Your buſineſſe, friends?

Holdfaſt.

Holdfaſt. I'le fetch a conſtable,
Let him anſwer him in the Stocks.
Dingem. Stir and thou dar'ſt.
Fright me with Bridewell and the Stocks? they are flea-bitings
I am familiar with.
Luke. Pray you put up.
And ſirrah hold your peace.
Dingem. Thy words a law,
And I obey. Live ſcrape-ſhoo, and be thankfull.
Thou man of muck, and money, for as ſuch
I now ſalute thee. The Suburbian gamſters
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am in perſon
ſent to congratulate.
Gettal. The news hath reach'd
The ordinaries, and all the gamſters are
Ambitious to ſhake the golden golls
Of worſhipfull Mr. *Luke.* I come from *Tradewell*
Your fine facetious factor
Dingem. I from *Goldwire.*
He and his *Hellen* have prepar'd a banquet
With the appurtenances to entertain thee,
For I muſt whiſper in thine ear, thou art
To be her *Paris*, but bring mony with thee
To quit old ſcores.
Gettall. Blind chance hath frown'd upon
Brave *Tradewell.* Hee's blown up, but not without
Hope of recovery, ſo you ſupply him
With a good round ſum. In my houſe I can aſſure you
There's half a million ſtirring.
Luke. What hath he loſt?
Gettal. Three hundred.
Luke. A trifle.
Gettall. Make it up a thouſand,
And I will fit him with ſuch tools as ſhall
Bring in a miriad.
Luke. They know me well,
Nor need you uſe ſuch circumſtances for 'em.
What's mine is theirs. They are my friends, not ſervants;

But in their care to enrich me, and theſe courſes
The ſpeeding means. Your name, I pray you?
Gett. *Gettall*;
I have been many years an Ordinary-keeper,
My *Box* my poor Revenue.
Luke. Your name ſuits well
With your profeſſion. Bid him bear up, he ſhall not
Sit long on pennileſſe-bench.
Gettall. There ſpake an Angel-
Luke. You know Miſtris *Shave'm?*
Gettall. The Pontifical Punk.
Luke. The ſame. Let him meet me there ſome two hours hence,
And tell *Tom Goldwire* I will then be with him,
Furniſh'd beyond his hopes, and let your Miſtris
Appear in her beſt trim.
Dinge'm. She will make thee young,
Old *Æſon.* She is ever furniſh'd with
Medæas Drugs, Reſtoratives. I flie
To keep 'em ſober till thy worſhip come,
They will be drunk with joy elſe.
Gettall. I'le run with you. *Exeunt Ding'em and Gettall.*
Holdfaſt. You will not do as you ſay, I hope.
Luke. Inquire not,
I ſhall do what becoms me—to the door. *Knocking.*
New Viſitants: What are they?
Holdfaſt. A whole batch, Sir,
Almoſt of the ſame leaven: your needy Debtors,
Penury, Fortune, Hoyſt.
Luke. They come to gratulate
The fortune fall'n upon me.
Holdfaſt. Rather, Sir,
Like the others, to prey on you.
Luke. I am ſimple,
They know my good nature. But let 'em in however.
Holdf. All will come to ruine, I ſee beggery
Already knocking at the door. You may enter—
But uſe a conſcience, and do not work upon

A tender

A tender-hearted Gentleman too much,
'Twill ſhew like charitie in you.

Enter Fortune, Penury and Hoyſt.

Luke. Welcome Friends:
I know your hearts, and wiſhes; you are glad
You have chang'd your Creditor.
Penury. I weep for joy
To look upon his Worſhips face.
Fortune. His Worſhips?
I ſee Lord Major written on his forehead;
The Cap of Maintenance, and Citie Sword
Born up in ſtate before him.
Hoyſt. Hoſpitals,
And a third Burſe erected by his Honour.
Penury. The Citie Poet on the Pageant-day
Preferring him before *Greſham.*
Hoyſt. All the Conduits
Spouting Canary Sack.
Fortune. Not a priſoner left,
Under ten pounds.
Penury. We his poor Beads-men feaſting
Our neighbours on his bounty.
Luke. May I make good
Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'le indeavour
To the utmoſt of my power.
Holdf. Yes, for one year,
And break the next.
Luke. You are ever prating, Sirrha:
Your preſent buſineſſe, friends?
Fortune. Were your brother preſent,
Mine had been of ſome conſequence; but now
The power lies in your Worſhips hand, 'tis little,
And will I know, as ſoon as ask'd, be granted.
Luke. 'Tis very probable.
Fortune. The kind forbearance
Of my great debt, by your means, heav'n prais'd for't,
Hath rais'd my ſunk eſtate. I have two Ships,
Which I long ſince gave loſt, above my hopes

Return'd from *Barbary*, and richly fraighted.
Luke. Where are they?
Fortune. Near *Graveſend.*
Luke. I am truly glad of't.
Fortune. I find your worſhips charity, and dare ſwear ſo.
Now may I have your licence, as I know
With willingneſſe I ſhall, to make the beſt
Of the commodities, though you have execution,
And after judgment againſt all that's mine,
As my poor body, I ſhall be enabl'd
To make payment of my debts to all the world,
And leave my ſelf a competence.
Luke. You much wrong me,
If you onely doubt it. Yours Mr. *Hoyſt.*
Hoyſt. 'Tis the ſurrendring back the morgage of
My lands, and on good tearms, but three daies patience;
By an Uncles death I have means left to redeem it,
And cancell all the forfeited Bonds I ſeal'd too
In my riots to the Merchant, for I am
Reſolv'd to leave off play, and turn good husband.
Luke. A good intent, and to be cheriſh'd in you.
Yours *Penury.*
Penury. My ſtate ſtands as it did, Sir;
What I ow'd I ow, but can pay nothing to you.
Yet if you pleaſe to truſt me with ten pounds more,
I can buy a commoditie of a Sayler
Will make me a freeman. There Sir is his name;
And the parcels I am to deal for. *Gives him a paper.*
Luke. You are all ſo reaſonable
In your demands, that I muſt freely grant 'em.
Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,
You ſhall be amply ſatisfi'd.
Penury. Heaven preſerve you.
Fortune. Happie were *London* if within her walls
She had many ſuch rich men. *Exeunt Fortune, Hoyſt.*
Luke. No more, now leave me; *and Penury.*

I am

I am full of various thoughts. Be carefull *Holdfaſt*
I have much to do.
Holdfaſt. And I ſomething to ſay
Would you give me hearing.
Luke. At my better leaſure
'Till my return, look well unto the Indians.
In the mean time do you as this directs you. *Exeunt*

Actus quartus, Scena ſecunda.

Enter Goldwire, Tradewell. Shavem, Secret, Gettal, and Dingem.

Goldwire. ALl that is mine is theirs. Thoſe were his words
Dingem. I am authenticall.
Tradewell. And that I ſhould not
Sit long on pennileſſe bench.
Gettall. But ſuddainly ſtart up
A gamſter at the height, and cry at all.
Shavem. And did he ſeem to have an inclination
To toy with me?
Dingem. He wiſh'd you would put on
Your beſt habiliments, for he reſolv'd
To make a joviall day on't.
Goldwire. Hug him cloſe wench,
And thou may'it eat gold, and amber. I wel know him
For a moſt inſatiate drabber. He hath given,
Before he ſpent his own eſtate, which was
Nothing to the huge maſſe hee's now poſſeſs'd of,
A hundred pound a leap.
Shavem. Hell take my Doctor,
He ſhould have brought me ſome freſh oyl of Talk,
Theſe Ceruſes are common.
Secret. Troth ſweet Lady,
The colours are well laid on.
Goldwire. And thick enough,

find that on my lips.

Shavem. Do you ſo, Jack ſauce.
I'le keep'em further of.

Goldwire. But be aſſur'd firſt
Of a new mainteiner e're you caſhire the old one.
But bind him faſt by thy ſorceries, and thou ſhalt
Be my revenue; the whole colledge ſtudy,
The reparation of thy ruin'd face;
Thou ſhalt have thy proper and bald-headed Coach-man;
Thy Tailor, and Embroiderer ſhall kneel
To thee their Idoll. Cheap-ſide and the Exchange
ſhall court thy cuſtome, and thou ſhalt forget
There ever was a Saint Martins. Thy procurer
Shall be ſheath'd in Velvet, and a reverend Vail
Paſſe her for a grave Matron. Have an eie to the door,
And let lowd muſick when this Monarch enters
Proclaim his entertainment.

Dinge'm. That's my office. *Cornets flor.*
The Conſort's ready.

Enter Luke.

Tradewell. And the god of pleaſure
Mr. *Luke* our *Comus* enters.

Goldwire. Set your face in order,
I will prepare him. Live I to ſee this day,
And to acknowledge you my royal maſter?

Tradewell. Let the iron Cheſts flie open, and the gold
Ruſty for want of uſe appear again.

Gettall. Make my ordinary flouriſh.

Shave'm. Welcom, Sir,
To your own Palace. *Muſick.*

Goldwire. Kiſſe your *Cleopatra*,
And ſhew your ſelf in your magnificent bounties
A ſecond *Anthony*.

Dinge'm. All the Nine Worthies.

Secret. Variety of pleaſures wait on you.
And a ſtrong back.

Luke. Give me leave to breath, I pray you.
I am aſtoniſh'd! all this preparation

For

For me? and this choice modeſt beauty wrought
To feed my appetite.
All. We are all your creatures.
Luke. A houſe well furniſh'd.
Goldwire. At your own coſt, Sir.
Glad I the Inſtrument. I prophecied
You ſhould poſſeſſe what now you do, and therefore
Prepar'd it for your pleaſure. There's no ragg
This *Venus* wears, but on my knowledge was
Deriv'd from your brothers Caſh. The Leaſe of the houſe
And Furniture, coſt near a thouſand, Sir.
Shave'm. But now you are maſter both of it and me.
I hope you'l build elſwhere.
Luke. And ſee you plac'd
Fair one to your deſert. As I live, friend *Tradewell*,
I hardly knew you, your cloaths ſo wel become you.
What is your loſſe; ſpeak truth?
Tradewell. 300, Sir.
Gettall. But on a new ſupply he ſhall recover
The ſumme told twenty times o're.
Shav'm. There is a banket,
And after that a ſoft Couch that attends you.
Luke. I couple not in the day-light. Expectation
Heightens the pleaſure of the night, my ſweet one
Your muſick's harſh, diſcharge it: I have provided
A better Conſort, and you ſhall frollick it
In another place. *Ceaſe muſick.*
Goldw. But have you brought gold, and ſtore Sir?
Tradew. I long to wear the Caſter.
Goldw. I to appear
In a freſh habit.
Shave'm. My Mercer and my Silkman
Waited me two hours ſince.
Luke. I am no Porter
To carrie ſo much gold as will ſupply
Your vaſte deſires, but I have ta'ne order for you,

Enter

Enter Sheriffe, Marshall, and Officers.

You shall have what is fitting, and they come here
will see it perform'd. Do your offices: You have
My Lord Chief Justices Warrant for't.

Sheriff. Seize 'em all.

Shave'm. The Citie-Marshal!

Goldwire. And the Sheriff. I know him.

Secret. We are betray'd.

Dinge'm. Undone.

Gettall. Dear M. *Luke*,

Goldwire. You cannot be so cruel: your persuasion
Chid us into these courses, oft repeating,
Shew your selvs City-sparks, and hang up mony.

Luke. True, when it was my brothers I contemn'd it,
But now it is mine own, the case is alter'd.

Tradewel, Will you prove your self a divel? tempt us to mischief,
And then discover it.

Luke. Argue that hereafter.
In the mean time, M. *Goldwire*, you that made
Your ten pound suppers; kep't your puncks at livery
In *Brainford*, *Stanes*, and *Barnet*; and this in *London*.
Held correspondence with your fellow-cashers,
Ka me, ka thee; And knew in your accompts
To cheat my brother, if you can evade me,
If there be law in London your fathers Bonds
Shall answer for what you are out.

Goldwire. You often told us
It was a bug-bear.

Luke. Such a one as shall fright 'em
Out of their estates to make me satisfaction,
To the utmost scruple. And for you Madam,
My Cleopatra, by your own confession
Your house, and all your movables are mine;
Nor shall you, nor your Matron need to trouble
Your Mercer, or your Silkman; a blew gown,
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it
Will serve the turnu in Bridewell, and these soft hands,
When they are inur'd to beating hemp, be scour'd

In

In your penitent tears, and quite forget
Powders, and bitter almonds.
Shavem, Secret, Dingem. Will you ſhew no mercy?
Luke. I am inexorable.
Gettall. I'le make bold
To take my leave, the gamſters ſtay my comming.
Luke. We muſt not part ſo, gentle M. *Gettal.*
Your box, your certain in-com, muſt pay back
Three hundred as I take it, or you lie by it.
There's half a million ſtirring in your houſe,
This a poor trifle. Mr. Shriefe, and M. Marſhall
On your perills do your offices.
Goldwire. Doſt thou crie now
Like a maudlin gamſter after loſs? I'le ſuffer
Like a Roman, and now in my miſerie,
In ſcorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee
Thou wer't my pander.
Luke. Shall I hear this from
My prentice?
Marſhall. Stop his mouth.
Sheriffe. Away with'em. *Exeunt Sheriffe, Marſhal, and the reſt*
Luke. A proſperous omen in my entrance to
My alter'd natuie. Theſe houſe-thievs remov'd,
And what was loſt, beyond my hopes recover'd,
Will add unto my heap. Increaſe of wealth
Is the rich mans ambition, and mine
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon
Having in his conceit ſubdu'd one world,
Lamented that there were no more to conquer:
in my way he ſhall be my great example.
And when my private houſe in cram'd abundance
Shall prove the chamber of the City poor,
And Genoways banquers ſhall look pale with envy
When I am mention'd, I ſhall grieve there is
No more to be exhauſted in one Kingdome.
Religion, conſcience, charity, farewell.
To me you are words onely, and no more,
All humane happineſſe conſiſts in ſtore. *Exit.*

Actus quartus, *Scena tertia.*

Enter Serjeants, Fortune, Hoyſt, Penurie.

Fortune. AT M. *Lukes* ſuite? the action twenty thouſand?
1 *Serjeant.* With two or three executions, which ſhall grind
You to powder when we have you in the Counter.
Fortune. Thou doſt belie him varlet. He, good gentleman,
Will weep when he hears how we are uſ'd.
1 *Serjeant.* Yes milſtones.
Penurie. He promis'd to lend me ten pound for a bargain,
He will not do it this way.
2 *Serjeant.* I have warrant
For what I have done. You are a poor fellow,
And there being little to be got by you,
In charity, as I am an officer,
I would not have ſeen you, but upon compulſion,
And for mine own ſecurity.
3 *Serjeant.* You are a gallant,
And I do you a courteſie; provided
That you have mony. For a piece an hour
I'le keep you in the houſe, till you ſend for bail.
2 *Serjeant.* In the mean time yeoman run to the other Counter,
And ſearch if there be ought elſe out againſt him.
3 *Serjant.* That Done, haſte to his creditors. Hee's a prize,
And as we are City pirates by our oaths,
We muſt make the beſt on't.
Hoyſt. Do your worſt, I care not.
I'le be remov'd to the Fleet, and drink and drabbe there
In ſpite of your teeth. I now repent I ever
Intended to be honeſt.

Enter Luke.

3 *Serjeant.* Here he comes,
You had beſt tell ſo.
Fortune. Worſhipfull Sir,

You..

You come in time to free us from theſe ban-dogs.
I know you gave no way to't.
Penurie. Or if you did,
'Twas but to try our patience.
Hoyſt. I muſt tell you
I do not like ſuch trialls.
Luke. Are you Serjeants
Acquainted with the danger of a reſcue,
Yet ſtand here prating in the ſtreet. The Counter
Is a ſafer place to parly in.
Fortune. Are you in earneſt?
Luke. Yes faith, I will be ſatisfi'd to a token,
Or build upon't you rott there.
Fortune. Can a gentleman,
Of your ſoft and ſilken temper, ſpeak ſuch language?
Penurie. So honeſt, ſo religious.
Hoyſt. That preach'd
So much of charity for us to your brother?
Luke. Yes when I was in poverty it ſhew'd well,
But I inherite with his ſtate, his minde,
And rougher nature. I grant, then I talk'd
For ſome ends to my ſelf conceal'd, of pitie,
The poor mans oriſons; and ſuch like nothing.
But what I thought you all ſhall feel, and with rigor.
Kind M. *Luke* ſaies it. who paies for your attendance?
Do you wait gratis?
Fortune. Hear us ſpeak.
Luke. While I,
Like the Adder ſtop mine ears. Or did I liſten,
Though you ſpake with the tongues of Angels to me
I am not to be alter'd.
Fortune. Let me make the beſt
Of my ſhippes, and their fraight.
Penurie. Lend me the ten pounds you promis'd.
Hoyſt. A day or two's patience to redeem my morgage,
And you ſhall be ſatiſfi'd.
Fortune. To the utmoſt farthing.
Luke. I'le ſhew ſome mercie; which is, that I will not

Torture you with falſe hopes, but make you know
What you ſhall truſt to. Your Ships to my uſe
Are ſeized on. I have got into my hands
Your bargains from the Sailor, 'twas a good one
For ſuch a petty ſumm. I will likewiſe take
The extremity of your Morgage, and the forfeit
Of your ſeveral Bonds, the uſe, and principle
Shall not ſerve. Think of the basket, wretches,
And a Coal-ſack for a winding-ſheet.

Fortune. Broker.

Hoyſt. Iew.

Fortune. Impoſer.

Hoyſt. Cut-throat.

Fortune. Hypocrite.

Luke. Do, rayle on.
Move mountaines with your breath, it ſhakes not me.

Penurie. On my knees I beg compaſſion. my wife and children
Shall hourly pray for your worſhip.

Fortune. Mine betake thee
To the Devil thy tutor.

Penurie. Look upon my tears.

Hoyſt. My rage.

Fortune. My wrongs.

Luke. They are all a like to me.
Intreats, curſes, prayers, or imprecations. *Exit Luke.*
Doe your duties Serjants, I am elſe where look'd for.

3. *Serjant.* This your kind creditor?

2. *Serjant.* A vaſt villan rather.

Penurie. See, ſee, the Serjeants pitie us. Yet hee's marble.

Hoiſt. Buried alive!

Fortune. There's no meanes to avoid it. *Exeunt.*

Act.

Actus quartus, Scena quarta.

Enter Holdfaſt, Stargaze, and Milliſcent.

Stargaze. NOt waite upon my Lady?
Holdfaſt. Nor come at her,
You finde it not in your Alminack.
Milliſcent. Nor I have licence
To bring her breakfaſt.
Holdfaſt. My new maſter hath
Decreed this for a faſting day. She hath feaſted long
And after a carnivale Lent ever follows.
Milliſcent. Give me the key of her ward-robe. You'l repent this:
I muſt know what Gown ſhee'l wear;
Holdfaſt. You are miſtaken,
Dame preſident of the ſweet meates. ſhee and her daughters
Are turn'd Philoſophers, and muſt carry all.
Their wealth about em. They have cloaths lai'd in their chamber,
If they pleaſe to put em on, and without help too,
Or they may walk naked. You look M. *Stargaze*
As you had ſeen a ſtrange comet, and had now foretold,
The end of the world, and on what day. And you,
As the waſps had broke into the galley-pots,
And eaten up your Apricocks.
Within Lady. Stargazer. Milliſcent.
Milliſcent. My Ladyes voice.
Holdfaſt. Stir not, you are confin'd here.
Your Ladiſhip may approach them if you pleaſe,
But they are bound in this circle.
Within Lady. Mine own bees
Rebell againſt me. When my kind brother knows this
I will be ſo reveng'd.
Holdfaſt. The world's well alterd.
Hee's your kind brother now. but yeſterday
Your ſlave and jeſting-ſtock.

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, in course habit weeping.

Milliscent. What witch hath transform'd you?

Starg. Is this the glorious shape your cheating brother
Promis'd you should appear in?

Millisc ent. My young Ladies
In buffin gowns, and green aprons! tear 'em off,
Rather shew all then be seen thus.

Holdfast. 'Tis more comly
I wis then their other whim-whams.

Millis. A french hood too;
Now 'tis out of fashion, a fools cap would shew better

Lady. We are fool'd indeed, by whose command are we us'd thus?

Enter Luke.

Holds. Here he comes that can best resolve you.

Lady. O good brother!
Do you thus preserve your protestation to me?
Can Queens envy this habit? or did *Juno*
E're feast in such a shape?

Anne. You talk'd of *Hebe*,
Of *Iris*, and I know not what; but were they
Dres'd as we are; They were sure some Chandlers daughters
Bleaching linnen in Moor-fields.

Mary. Or Exchange-wenches,
Comming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday
At *Pemlico*, or *Islington*.

Luke. Save you Sister.
I now dare style you so: you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on; now you appear
Like a City Matron, and my pretty Neeces
Such things as were born, and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of Court-Ladies? whose high titles
And pedegrees of long descen, give warrant
For their superfluous braverie? 'twas monstrous:
Till now you ne're look'd lovely.

Lady. Is this spoken
In scorn?

Luke. Fie, no, with judgment. I make good

My

My promiſe, and now ſhew you like your ſelvs,
In your own naturall ſhapes, and ſtand reſolv'd
You ſhall continue ſo.
Lady. It is confeſs'd Sir.
Luke. Sir! Sirrah. Uſe your old phraſe, I can bear it.
Lady. That if you pleaſe forgotten. We acknowledge
We have deſerv'd ill from you, yet deſpair not;
Though we are at your diſpoſure, you'l maintain us
Like your brothers wife, and daughters.
Luke. 'Tis my purpoſe.
Lady. And not make us ridiculous.
Luke. Admir'd rather,
As fair examples for our proud City dames,
And their proud brood to imitate: do not frown
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power in you to ſcourge a generall vice,
And riſe up a new Satyriſt: but hear gently,
And in a gentle phraſe I'le reprehend
Your late diſguis'd deformity, and cry up
This decency, and neatneſſe, with th'advantage
You ſhall receive by't.
Lady. We are bound to hear you.
Luke. With a ſoul inclin'd to learn. Your father was
An honeſt Country farmer. Good-man Humble,
By his neighbours ne're call'd maſter. Did your pride
Deſcend from him? but let that paſſe: your fortune,
Or rather your husbands induſtry, advanc'd you
To the rank of a Merchants wife. He made a Knight,
And your ſweet miſtris-ſhip, Ladyfi'd; you wore
Sattin on ſolemn days, a chain of gold,
A Velvet hood, rich borders, and ſomtimes
A dainty Miniver cap, a ſilver pin
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far
You were priviledg'd, and no man envi'd it,
It being for the Cities honour, that
There ſhould be a diſtinction between
The Wife of a Patritian, and Plebean.
Milliſ. Pray you leave preaching, or chooſe ſome other text;

Your

Your Rhetorick is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.

Luke. Peace, chattering Mag-pie,
I'le treat of you anon: but when the height
And dignity of *Londons* bleſſings grew
Contemptible, and the name Lady Maioreſs
Became a by-word, and you ſcorn'd the means
By which you were rais'd, my brothers fond indulgence
Giving the reigns too't; and no object pleas'd you
But the glittering pomp, and bravery of the Court:
What a ſtrange, nay monſtrous Metamorphoſis follow'd!
No Engliſh workman then could pleaſe your fancy;
The French, and Tuſcan dreſſe your whole diſcourſe;
This Baud to prodigality entertain'd
To buz into your ears, what ſhape this Counteſſe
Appear'd in the laſt mask; and how it drew
The young Lords eyes upon her; and this uſher
Succeeded in the eldeſt prentices place
To walk before you.

Lady. Pray you end,

Holdfaſt. Proceed Sir,
I could faſt almoſt a prentiſhip to hear you.
You touch'em ſo to the quick.

Luke. Then as I ſaid,
The reverend hood caſt off, your borrow'd hair
Powder'd, and curl'd, was by your dreſſers art
Form'd like a Coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richeſt Orient pearl: Your Carkanets
That did adorn your neck of equall value:
Your Hungerland bands, and Spaniſh quellio ruffes:
Great Lords and Ladies feaſted to ſurvey
Embroider'd petticoats: and ſickneſſe fain'd
That your night rayls of forty pounds a piece
Might be ſeen with envy of the viſitants;
Rich pantables in oſtentation ſhown,
And roſes worth a family; you were ſerv'd in plate;
Stir'd not a foot without your Coach. And going
To Church not for devotion, but to ſhew
Your pomp, you were tickl'd when the beggars cry'd

Heaven

Heaven ſave your honour, this idolatrie
Paid to a painted room.
Holdfaſt. Nay, you have reaſon
To blubber all of you
Luke. And when you lay
In child-bed, at the Chriſtning of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An abſolute princeſs, ſince they have no more,
Three ſeverall chambers hung. The firſt with Arras,
And that for waiters; the ſecond Crimſon Sattin
For the meaner ſort of gueſts; the third of Skarlet,
Of the rich Tirian dy; a Canopie
To cover the brats cradle: you in ſtate
Like *Pompie's Julia.*
Lady. No more I pray you.
Luke. Of this be ſure you ſhall not. I'le cut off
What ever is exorbitant in you,
Or in your Daughters, and reduce you to
Your naturall forms, and habits: not in revenge
Of your baſe uſage of me, but to fright
Others by your example: 'Tis decree'd
You ſhall ſerve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With theſe uſeleſt drones,
Holdfaſt. Will you pack?
Milliſcent. Not till I have
My truncks along with me.
Luke. Not a rag, you came
Hither without a box.
Stargaze. You'l ſhew to me
I hope Sir more compaſſion.
Holdfaſt. 'Troth I'le be
Thus far a ſuitor for him. He hath printed
An Almanack for this year at his own charge,
Let him have th'impreſſion with him to ſet up with.
Luke. For once I'le be intreated; let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.
Stargaze. O curſed Stars

Whil'ſt the Act Plays, the Foot-ſtep, little Table, and Arras hung up for the Muſicians.

That raign'd at my nativity! how have you cheated
Your poor obſerver.
Anne. Muſt we part in tears?
Mary. Farewell, good *Milliſcent.*
Lady. I am ſick, and meet with
A rough Phyſician. O my pride! and ſcorn!
How juſtly am I puniſh'd!
Mary. Now we ſuffer
For our ſtubbornneſſe and diſobedience
To our good father.
Anne. And the baſe conditions,
We impos'd upon our Suitors.
Luke. Get you in,
And Catterwall in a corner.
Lady. There's no contending.
Luke. How lik'ſt thou my carriage, *Holdfaſt?*
Holdfaſt. Well in ſome part,
But it relliſhes I know not how, a little
Of too much tyranny.
Luke. Thou art a fool:
Hee's cruel to himſelf, that dares not be
Severe to thoſe that us'd him cruelly.

Lady, Anne, Mary, go off at one door; Stargaze and Milliſc. at the other.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Luke, Sir John, Lucie and Plenty.

Luke. YOu care not then, as it ſeems, to be converted
To our religion.
Sir John. We know no ſuch word,
Nor power but the Divel, and him we ſerve for fear,
Not love.
Luke. I am glad that charge is ſav'd.
Sir John. We put
That trick upon your brother, to have means

To

To come to the Citie. Now to you wee'l diſcover
The cloſe deſign that brought us, with aſſurance
If you lend your aids to furniſh us with that
Which in the Colonie was not to be purchas'd,
No merchant ever made ſuch a return
For his moſt pretious venture, as you ſhall
Receive from us; far, far, above your hopes,
Or fancie to imagine.

Muſicians come down to make ready for the ſong at Aras.

Luke. It muſt be
Some ſtrange commoditie, and of a dear value,
(Such an opinion is planted in me,
You will deal fairly) that I would not hazard.
Give me the name of 't.

Lacie. I fear you will make
Some ſcruple in your conſcience to grant it.

Luke. Conſcience! No, no; ſo it may be done with ſafety,
And without danger of the Law.

Plenty. For that
You ſhall ſleep ſecurely. Nor ſhall it diminiſh,
But add unto your heap ſuch an increaſe,
As what you now poſſeſs ſhall appear an Atome
To the mountain it brings with it.

Luke. Do not rack me
With expectation.

Sir John. Thus then in a word:
The Divel. Why ſtart you at his name? if you
Deſire to wallow in wealth and worldly honors,
You muſt make haſte to be familiar with him.
This Divel, whoſe Prieſt I am, and by him made
A deep Magician (for I can do wonders)
Appear'd to me in *Virginia*, and commanded
With many ſtripes (for that's his cruel cuſtome)
I ſhould provide on pain of his fierce wrath
Againſt the next great ſacrifice, at which
We groveling on our faces, fall before him,
Two Chriſtian Virgins, that with their pure blood
Might dy his horrid Altars, and a third
(In his hate to ſuch embraces as are lawful)

Married, and with your cerimonious rites
As an oblation unto *Hecate*,
And wanton Luſt her favorite.
Luke. A divelliſh cuſtom:
And yet why ſhould it ſtartle me? there are
Enough of the Sex fit for this uſe; but Virgins,
And ſuch a Matron as you ſpeak of, hardly
to be wrought to it.
Plenty. A Mine of Gold for a fee
Waits him that undertakes it, and performs it.
Lacie. Know you no diſtreſſed Widow, or poor
Maids, whoſe want of dower, though well born,
Makes 'em weary of their own Country?
Sir John. Such as had rather be
Miſerable in another world, then where
They have ſurfeited in felicity?
Luke. Give me leave,
I would not looſe this purchaſe. A grave Matron!
And two pure virgins. Umph! I think my Siſter
Though proud was ever honeſt; and my Neeces
Untainted yet. Why ſhould not they be ſhipp'd
For this employment? they are burdenſome to me,
And eat too much. And if they ſtay in *London*,
They will find friends that to my loſſe will force me
To compoſition. 'Twere a Maſter-piece
If this could be effected. They were ever
Ambitious of title. Should I urge
Matching with theſe they ſhall live *Indian* Queens,
It may do much. But what ſhall I feel here,
Knowing to what they are deſign'd? They abſent,
The thought of them will leave me. It ſhall be ſo.
I'le furniſh you, and to indear the ſervice
In mine own family, and my blood too.
Sir John. Make this good, and your houſe ſhall not
Con'ain the gold wee'l ſend you.
Luke. You have ſeen my Siſter, and my two Neeces?
Sir John. Yes Sir.
Luke. Theſe perſwaded

How happily they ſhall live, and in what pomp
When they are in your Kingdoms, for you muſt
Work 'em a beliefe that you are Kings.
Plenty. We are ſo.
Luke. I'le put it in practice inſtantly. Study you
For moving language. Sifter, Neeces. How
Enter Lady, Ann, Mary.
Stil mourning? dry your eyes, and clear theſe clouds
That do obſcure your beauties. Did you believe
My perſonated reprehenſion; though
It ſhew'd like a rough anger, could be ſerious?
Forget the fright I put you in. My ends
In humbling you was, to ſet off the height
Of honour, principle honor, which my ſtudies
When you leaſt expect it ſhall confer upon you.
Still you ſeem doubtfull: be not wanting to
Your ſelvs, nor let the ſtrangeneſſe of the means,
With the ſhadow of ſome danger, render you
Incredulous.
Lady. Our uſage hath been ſuch,
As we can faintly hope that your intents,
And language are the ſame.
Luke. I'le change thoſe hopes
To certainties.
Sir John. With what art he winds about them!
Luke. What wil you ſay? or what thanks ſhall I look for?
If now I raiſe you to ſuch eminence, as
The wife, and daughters of a Citizen
Never arriv'd at. Many for their wealth (I grant)
Have written Ladies of honor, and ſome few
Have higher titles, and that's the fartheſt riſe
You can in England hope for. What think you
If I ſhould mark you out a way to live
Queens in another climate?
Ann. Wee deſire
A competence.
Mary. And prefer our Countries ſmoke
Before outlandiſh fire.

The Banquet ready. One Chair, and Wine.

Lady. But ſhould we liſten
To ſuch impoſſibilities, 'tis not in
The power of man to make it good.
Luke. I'le doo't.
Nor is this ſeat of majeſty far remov'd.
It is but to *Virginia.*
Lady. How, *Virginia!*
High Heaven forbid. Remember Sir, I beſeech you,
What creatures are ſhipp'd thither.
Ann. Condemn'd wretches,
Forfeited to the law.
Mary. Strumpets and Bauds,
For the abomination of their life,
Spew'd out of their own Country.
Luke. Your falſe fears
Abuſe my noble purpoſes. Such indeed
Are ſent as ſlaves to labour there, but you
To abſolute ſoveraignty. Obſerve theſe men,
With reverence obſerve them. They are Kings,
Kings of ſuch ſpacious territories, and dominions:
As our great *Britain* meaſur'd, will appear
A garden too't.
Lacie. You ſhall be ador'd there
As Goddeſſes.
Sir John. Your litters made of gold
Supported by your vaſſalls, proud to bear
The burthen on their ſhoulders.
Plenty. Pomp, and eaſe,
With delicates that Europe never knew,
Like Pages ſhall wait on you.
Luke. If you have minds
To entertain the greatneſſe offer'd to you,
With outſtretched arms, and willing hands embrace it.
But this refus'd, imagine what can make you
Moſt miſerable here, and reſt aſſur'd,
In ſtorms it falls upon you: take em in,
And uſe your beſt perſwaſion. If that fail,
I'le ſend em aboard in a dry fat.

Sir John.

Sir John. Be not mov'd Sir.
Wee'l work 'em to your will: yet e're we part,
Your worldly cares defer'd, a little mirth
Would not misbecome us.
Luke. You ſay well. And now
It coms into my memory, this is my birth-day,
Which with ſolemity I would obſerve,
But that it would ask coſt.
Sir John. That ſhall not grieve you.
By my art I will prepare you ſuch a feaſt,
As *Perſia* in her height of pomp, and riot
Did never equall: and raviſhing Muſick
As the *Italian* Princes ſeldome heard
At their greateſt entertainments. Name your gueſts.
Luke. I muſt have none.
Sir John. Not the City Senate?
Luke. No.
Nor yet poor neighbours. The firſt would argue me
Of fooliſh oſtentation, The latter
Of too much hoſpitality, and a virtue
Grown obſolete, and uſeleſſe. I will ſit
Alone, and ſurfet in my ſtore, while others
With envy pine at it. My Genius pamper'd
With the thought of what I am, and what they ſuffer
I have mark'd out to miſerie.
Sir John. You ſhall;
And ſomthing I will add, you yet conceive not,
Nor will I be ſlow-pac'd.
Luke. I have one buſineſſe,
And that diſpatch'd I am free.
Sir John. About it Sir,
Leave the reſt to me.
Luke. Till now I ne're lov'd magick. *Exeunt.*

Exeunt Lacie. Plenty, Lady, Ann, Mary.

Actus quintus, Scena secunda.

Enter Lord, Old Goldwire, and Old Tradewell.

Lord. BElieve me, gentlemen! I never was
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguis'd
Hypocrisie in such a cunning shape
Of reall goodnesse, that I would have sworn
This divell a Saint. M. *Goldwire*, and M. *Tradewell*,
What do you mean to do? put on.
Old Goldwire. With your Lordships favour.
Lord. I'le have it so.
Old Tradew. Your will, my Lord, excuses
The rudenesse of our manners.
Lord. You have receiv'd
Penitent letters from your sons I doubt not?
Old Tradew. They are our onely sons.
Old Goldw. And as we are fathers,
Remembring the errous of our youth,
We would pardon slips in them.
Old Tradewell. and pay for 'em
In a moderate way.
Old Goldw. In which we hope your Lordship
Will be our mediator.
Lrrd. All my power,

Enter Luke.

You freely shall command. 'Tis he! you are wel met.
And to my wish. And wondrous brave,
Your habit speaks you a Merchant royall.
Luke. What I wear, I take not upon trust.
Lord. Your betters may, and blush not for 't.
Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.
Lord. You are very peremptory, pray you stay.
I once held you an upright honest man.
Luke. I am honester now

By

By a hundred thouſand pound, I thank my ſtars for't,
Upon the Exchange, and if your late opinion
Be alter'd, who can help it? good my Lord
To the point. I have other buſineſſe then to talk
Of honeſty, and opinions.
Lord. Yet you may
Do well, if you pleaſe, to ſhew the one, and merit
The other from good men, in a caſe that now
Is offer'd to you.
Luke. What is't? I am troubl'd.
Lord. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
Your brothers prentices.
Luke. Mine, my Lord, I take it.
Lord. Mr. *Goldwire*, and Mr. *Tradewell.*
Luke. They are welcome, if
They come prepar'd to ſatisfie the damage
I have ſuſtain'd by their ſons.
Old Goldw. We are, ſo you pleaſe
To uſe a conſcience.
Old Tradew. Which we hope you will do,
For your own worſhips ſake.
Luke. Conſcience, my friends,
And wealth are not always neighbours. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I ſhould ſuffer mainly
In my reputation. For it would convince me
Of indiſcretion. Nor will you I hope move me
To do my ſelf ſuch prejudice.
Lord. No moderation.
Luke. They cannot look for't, and preſerve in
Me a thriving Citizens credit. Your bonds lie
For your ſons truth, and they ſhall anſwer all
They have run out. The maſters never proſper'd
Since gentlemens ſons grew prentices. When we look
To have our buſineſs done at home, they are
Abroad in the Tenis-court, or in partridge-alley,
In *Lambeth* Marſh, or a cheating Ordinary
Where I found your ſons. I have your Bonds, look
too't.

A thouſand pounds apiece, and that will hardly
Repair my loſſes.
Lord Thou dar'ſt not ſhew thy ſelf
Such a divel.
Luke. Good words.
Lord. Such a cut-throat. I have heard of
The uſage of your brothers wife, and daughters.
You ſhall find you are not lawleſſe, and that your
Moneys cannot juſtifie your villanies.
Luke. I indure this.
And good my Lord, now you talk in time of moneys,
Pay in what you owe me, And give me leav to wonder.
Your wiſedome ſhould have leiſure to conſider
The buſineſſe of theſe gentlemen, or my carriage
To my Siſter, or my Neeces, being your ſelf
So much in my danger.
Lord. In thy danger?
Luke. mine.
I find in my counting houſe a Mannor pawn'd,
Pawn'd, my good Lord, Lacie-Mannour, and that Mannour
From which you have the title of a Lord,
And it pleaſe your good Lordſhip. You are a noble man
Pray you pay in my moneys. The intereſt *Plenty ready to*
Will eat faſter in't, then *Aqua fortis* in iron. *ſpeak within*
Now though you bear me hard, I love your Lordſhip.
I grant your perſon to be priviledg'd
From all arreſts. Yet there lives a fooliſh creature
Call'd an Under-ſheriffe, who being well paid, will ſerve
An extent on Lords, or Lowns land. Pay it in,
I would be loth your name ſhould ſink. Or that
Your hopefull ſon, when he returns from travel,
Should find you my lord without land. You are angry
For my good counſell. Look you to your Bonds: had I known
Of your comming, believe it I would have had Serjeants ready:
Lord how you fret! but that a Tavern's near
You ſhould taſte a cup of Muſcadine in my houſe,
To waſh down ſorrow, but there it will do better,
I know you'l drink a health to me. *Exit Luke.*

Lord.

Lord. To thy damnation.
Was there ever ſuch a villain! Heaven forgive me
For ſpeeking ſo unchriſtianly, though he deſervs it.
Old Goldw. We are undone.
Old Tradew. Our families quite ruin'd.
Lord. Take courage gentlemen, Comfort may appear,
And puniſhment overtake him, when he leaſt expects it. *Exeunt*

Actus quintus, Scena ultima.

Enter Sir John, and Holdfaſt.

Sir John. BE ſilent on your life.
Holdfaſt. I am or'ejoy'd.
Sir John. Are the pictures plac'd as I directed?
Holdfaſt. Yes Sir.
Sir John. And the muſicians ready?
Holdfaſt. All is done
As you comanded. *at the door.*
Sir John. Make haſte, and be carefull,
You know your cue, and poſtures.
Plenty within. We are perfit.
Sir John. 'Tis well: the reſt are come too?
Holdfaſt. And diſpos'd of
To your own wiſh.
Sir John. Set forth the table. So.
Enter Servants with a rich Banquet.
A perfit Banquet. At the upper end, *A table, and*
His chair in ſtate, he ſhall feaſt like a Prince. *rich Ban-*
Holdfaſt. And riſe like a Dutch hang-man. *quet.*
Enter Luke.
Sir John. Not a word more.
How like you the preparation? fill your room,
And taſte the cates, then in your thought conſider
A rich man, that lives wiſely to himſelf,
In his full height of glory.

Luke. I can brook
No rivall in this happineſſe. How ſweetly
Theſe dainties, when unpay'd for, pleaſe my palate!
Some wine. *Joves* Nectar. Brightneſſe to the ſtar
That govern'd at my birth. Shoot down thy influence,
And with a perpetuity of being
Continue this felicity, not gain'd
By vows to Saints above, and much leſſe purchas'd
By the thriving induſtry; nor fal'n upon me
As a reward to piety, and religion,
Or ſervice for my Country. I owe all this
To diſſimulation, and the ſhape
I wore of goodneſſe. Let my brother number
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms
To beggars, his compaſſion to his debters,
Will wing his better part, diſrob'd of fleſh,
To ſore above the firmament. I am well,
And ſo I ſurfet here in all abundance;
Though ſtil'd a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,
And proſecuted with the fatal curſes
Of widdows, undone Orphans, and what elſe
Such as maligne my ſtate can load me with,
I will not envie it. You promis'd muſick?

Sir John. And you ſhall hear the ſtrength and powes
Of it, the ſpirit of *Orpheus* rais'd to make it good,
And in thoſe raviſhing ſtrains with which he mov'd
Charon and *Cerberus* to give him way
To fetch from hell his loſt Euridice.
Appear ſwifter then thought.

Muſick. At one door Cerberus, at the other, Charon, Orpheus, Chorus.

Luke. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange.

Sir John. Does not the object and the accent take you?

Luke. A pretty fable. But that muſick ſhould *Plenty and*
Alter in friends their nature, is to me *Lacie ready behind.*
Impoſſible. Since in my ſelf I find
What I have once decreed, ſhall know no change.

Sir John. You are conſtant to your purpoſes, yet I think

That

That I could ſtagger you.
Luke. How?
Sir John. Should I preſent
Your ſervants, debters, and the reſt that ſuffer
By your fit ſeverity, I preſume the ſight
Would move you to compaſſion.
Luke. Not a mote.
The muſick that your *Orpheus* made, was harſh
To the delight I ſhould receive in hearing
Their cries, and groans. If it be in your power
I would now ſee 'em.
Sir John. Spirits in their ſhapes
Shal ſhew them as they are. But if it ſhould move you?
Luke. If it do. May I ne're find pity.
Sir John. Be your own judge.
Appear as I commanded.
Sad muſick. Enter Goldwire, and Tradewell as from priſon. Fortune, Hoyſt, Penurie following after them. Shavem in a blew gown, Secret, Dingem, Old Tradewel, and Old Goldwire with Serjeants. As erected they all kneel to Luke, heaving up their hands for mercy. Stargaze with a pack of Alminacks, Milliſcent.
Luke. Ha, ha, ha!
This move me to compaſſion? or raiſe
One ſign of ſeeming pity in my face?
You are deceiv'd: it rather renders me
more flinty, and obdurate. A South wind
Shall ſooner ſoften marble, and the rain
That ſlides down gently from his flaggy wings
O'reflow the Alps: then knees, or tears, or groans
Shall wreſt compunction from me. 'Tis my glory
That they are wretched, and by me made ſo,
It ſets my happineſſe off. I could not triumph
If theſe were not my captives. Ha! my tarriers
As it appears have ſeiz'd on theſe old foxes,
As I gave order. New addition to

My Scene of mirth. Ha, ha! They now grow tedious
Let'em be remov'd, ſome other object. If
Your art can ſhew it.
Sir John. You ſhall perceive 'tis boundleſſe.
Yet one thing reall if you pleaſe?
Luke. What is it?
S. Jo. Your Neeces er'e they put to Sea, crave humbly
Though abſent in their bodys, they may take leave
Of their late ſuitors ſtatues.

Enter Lady, Anne, and Mary.

Luke. There they hang,
In things different I am tractable.
Sir John. There pay your vows you have liberty.
Ann. O ſweet figure
Of my abuſed *Lacie*! when remov'd
Into another world; I'le daily pay
A ſacrifice of ſighs, to thy remembrance;
And with a ſhower of tears ſtrive to waſh of
The ſtain of that contempt, my fooliſh pride,
And inſolence threw upon thee.
Marie. I had been
Too happie, if I had injoy'd the ſubſtance,
But far unworthy of it, now I ſhall
Thus proſtrate to thy ſtatue.
Lady. My kind husband,
Bleſſed in my miſery, from the monaſtery
To which my diſobedience confin'd thee,
With thy ſouls eye, which diſtance cannot hinder,
Look on my penitence. O that I could
Call back time paſt, thy holy vow diſpens'd,
With what humility would I obſerve
My long neglected duty.
Sir John. Does not this move you?
Luke. Yes as they do the ſtatues, and her ſorrow
My abſent brother. If by your magick art
You can give life to theſe, or bring him hither
To witneſſe her repentance, I may have
Perchance ſome feeling of it.

Sir John.

Sir John. For your ſport
You ſhall ſee a Maſter-piece. Here's nothing but
A ſuperficies, colours, and no ſubſtance.
Sit ſtill, and to your wonder, and amazement
I'le give theſe Organs. This the ſacrifice
To make the great work perfect.

Enter Lacie and Plenty.

Luke. Prodigious.
S. John. Nay they have life, and motion. Deſcend.
And for your abſent brother. This waſh'd off
Againſt your will you ſhall know him.

Enter Lord and the reſt.

Luke. I am loſt.
Guilt ſtrikes me dumb.
Sir John. You have ſeen my Lord the pageant.
Lord. I have, and am raviſh'd with it.
S. John. What think you now
Of this clear ſoul? this honeſt pious man?
Have I ſtripp'd him bare. Or will your Lordſhip have
A farther triall of him? 'tis not in a wolf to change his natute.
Lord. I long ſince confeſs'd my errours.
S. *John.* Look up, I forgive you,
And ſeal your pardons thus.
Lady. I am too full
Of joy to ſpeak it.
Ann. I am another creature,
Not what I was.
Mary. I vow to ſhew my ſelf
When I am married, an humble wife,
Not a commanding miſtris.
Plenty. On thoſe terms
I gladly thus embrace you.
Lacie. Welcome to
My boſome. As the one half of my ſelf,
I'le love you, and cheriſh you.
Goldwire. Mercy.
Tradewell and the reſt. Good Sir mercy.

Sir John

Sir John. This day is ſacred to it. All ſhall find me
As far as lawfull pity can give way too't,
Indulgent to your wiſhes, though with loſſe
Unto my ſelf. My kind, and honeſt brother,
Looking into your ſelf, have you ſeen the Gorgon?
What a golden dream you have had in the poſſeſſion
Of my eſtate? but here's a revocation
That wakes you out of it. Monſter in nature
Revengefull, avaritious Atheiſt,
Tranſcending all example. But I ſhall bee
A ſharer in thy crimes, ſhould I repeat 'em.
What wilt thou do? Turn hypocrite again,
With hope diſſimulation can aid thee?
Or that one eye will ſhed a tear in ſign
Of ſorrow for thee? I have warrant to
Make bold with mine own, pray you uncaſe. This key too
I muſt make bold with. Hide thy ſelf in ſome deſart,
Where good men ner'e may find thee: or in juſtice
Pack to *Virginia*, and repent. Not for
Thoſe horrid ends to which thou did'ſt deſign theſe.

Luke. I care not where I go, what's done with words
Cannot be undone. *Exit Luke.*

Lady. Yet Sir, ſhew ſome mercy;
Becauſe his cruelty to me, and mine,
Did good upon us.

Sir John. Of that at better leiſure,
As his penitencie ſhall work me. Make you good
Your promis'd reformation, and miſtruſt
Our City dames, whom wealth makes proud, to move
In their own ſpheres, and willingly to confeſſe
In their habits, manners, and their higheſt port,
A diſtance 'twixt the City, and the Court. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.